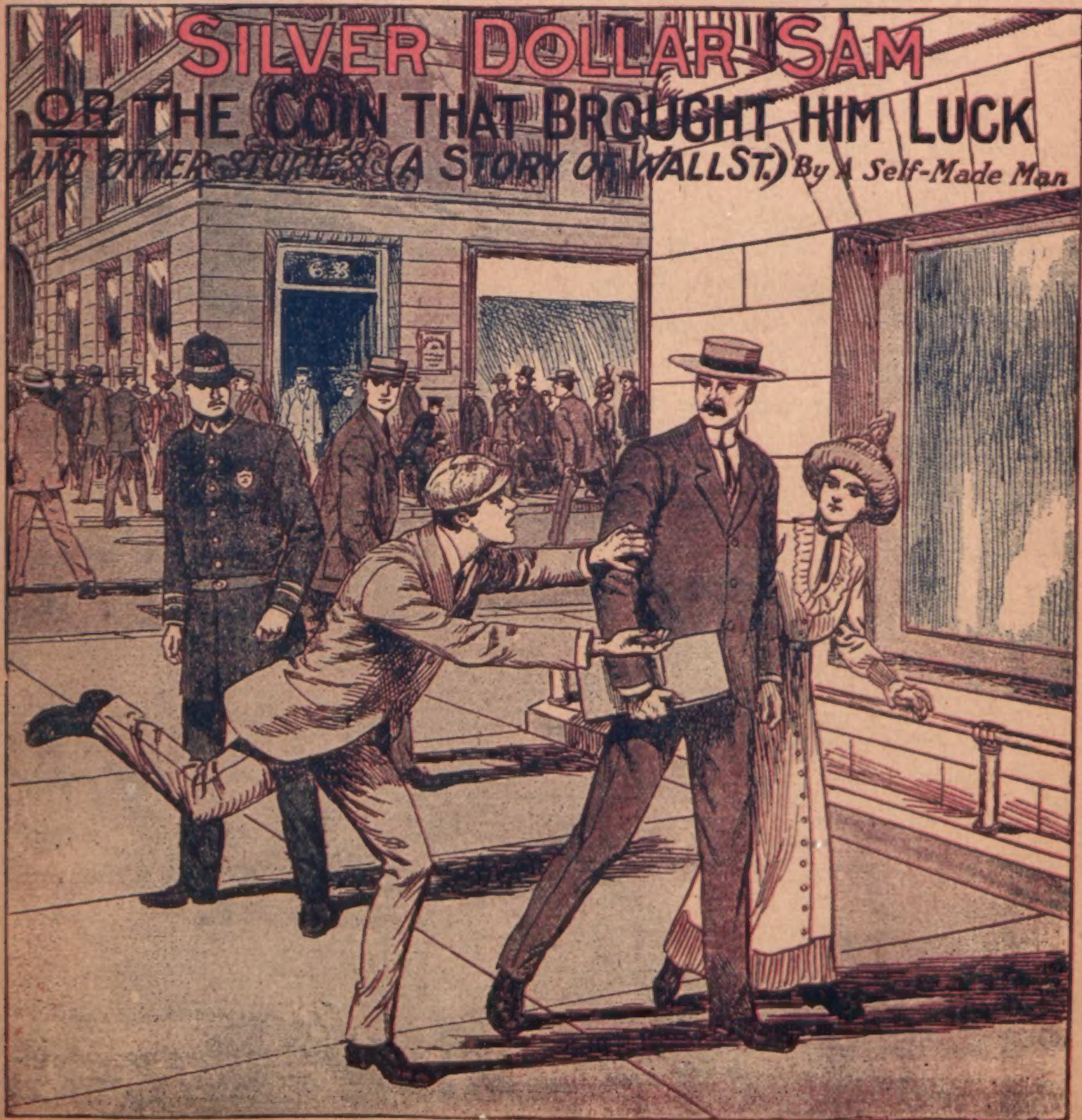


FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES
OF
BOYS

WEEKLY.

WHO MAKE
MONEY.



Without a moment's hesitation Sam rushed up to the man and the girl. "Mister," he said, holding out the coin, "you dropped that out of your package." "Did I?" said the man, looking hard at Sam: "well, keep it for your honesty."

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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SILVER DOLLAR SAM

OR, THE COIN THAT BROUGHT HIM LUCK

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Silver Dollar.

"Say, mister, where is Wall Street?"

"You're standing on the corner of it."

"What! is this little street Wall?"

The man laughed and looked at the boy, whose earnest face was lighted up with a strange, eager curiosity.

"Yes, this little street, as you call it, is Wall. Look up there and you will see the name."

"So it is," said Sam Story. "Why, I expected it would be bigger than any street in the city."

"Why so?"

"'Cause I've heard so much about it. When anything big is done, the papers say it's started in Wall Street. When the Government wants to raise a big bunch of money, it goes to Wall Street to get it. When the politicians want money to pay election expenses, they collect in Wall Street, I've heard. I've heard people say that all the money in the country comes from Wall Street. I know when the farmers out West were ready to move their crops they borrowed the money from their town banks, and the local papers printed an article about the banks having to send to Wall Street for the money to accommodate them," said the boy.

"Are you from the West?"

"Yes."

"Work on a farm out there?"

"A big wheat farm—three thousand acres."

"Get tired of that kind of work?"

"I thought I could do better coming to Wall Street and finding a job."

"Know anybody in New York?"

"No."

"I judge you haven't been here long?"

"Arrived an hour ago."

"You didn't lose any time coming to Wall Street."

"About half an hour eating my breakfast."

"Are you going to look for a job right away?"

"Not until I've gone all over the street and seen the sights. There's some awfully tall buildings around here."

"They call them skyscrapers. Where they line a street they make it look narrow."

"I s'pose that's the reason Wall Street looks so small. It's full of those skyscrapers."

"The street isn't very wide, anyway—not as wide as Broadway here."

"Broadway looks like a mighty big street. It runs both ways as far as I can see."

"It's a long street. It runs from the Battery clear uptown."

"You don't say. A stranger like me can't get lost if he keeps on Broadway."

"That's right."

"I want to see the Battery after I've got through with Wall Street. I've heard a lot about it, and Central Park, and the Bowery, and a few other places."

"Come back to this spot and go straight down that way to the end of this street and you'll see a kind of park before you, with the elevated railroad crossing the edge of it. That's the Battery."

"Thanks, mister. How far does Wall Street go?"

"Straight to the East River."

"Then all I have to do is to turn around and come back?"

"That's all."

"What's on the other side of the river?"

"Brooklyn Borough."

"Are all the banks on Wall Street?"

"Oh, no; only a few. They're scattered all around. There are lots uptown."

"Say, mister, what church is that across the street with the clock?"

"Trinity."

"Were you born in New York, mister?"

"No, but I've lived here many years."

"Are you connected with Wall Street?"

"At present I am, while I'm standing here. I am the president of the Amalgamated Order of Curbstone Inspectors."

Sam looked at the man in a puzzled way. His remark sounded unintelligible to him.

"You get big pay, I guess. Your office is around here somewhere, I suppose, in one of those skyscrapers. Is the Amalgamated Curbstone Inspectors a trust? I've heard that the presidents of some of the big trusts get a whole lot more than the presidents of the banks."

"The Amalgamated Curbstone Inspectors are out for trust, but they don't get as much of it as they would like," grinned the man, who, as the reader will surmise, was out of work at that moment and not trying very hard to find it.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Sam, scratching his chin.

"You haven't any loose change about your clothes, have you?"

"I've got eighteen cents."

"Is that all the money you have?"

"That's all."

"Did you expect to pick up money in the streets that you came here practically strapped?"

"Not unless somebody dropped it and forgot to pick it up himself."

"People are not in the habit of dropping money in this city."

"I shouldn't think they would be. There must be an awful lot of money in Wall Street. Do you s'pose I'll see some of it as I walk around?"

"Yes, if you look in the money brokers' offices. They have plenty of it in their windows, spread out. It makes a man's mouth water to look at it, particularly if he's hungry and hasn't the price of a meal."

"Yes, I guess so; but a man can always get work in New York, so I've heard, so there ain't no danger of his not having the price of a meal."

"You think so, do you? Your eighteen cents won't go far. After it's gone, try and see how easy it is to get work."

"It ought to be easy. I've got a morning paper in my pocket and there's more than a page of advertisements in it about jobs."

"Yes, and there's a thousand people looking for every job."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do mean it. All the jobs advertised this morning have been taken long before this. You've got to be right on the spot when the place opens up, and at the head of the line, or you stand a small show. You being a stranger, and unacquainted with the city, have no show at all. If I were in your shoes I'd go down to the Battery and drown myself."

"Say, mister, you're putting it kind of strong, aren't you?" said Sam, looking serious.

"No stronger than the facts warrant. I know the city like a book, and I've been out of work for a month."

"Are the park seats reserved for the Curbstone Inspectors?" said the boy.

"No, they generally occupy them."

"Well, mister, I guess I'll be getting on. I'm much obliged for the information you've given me."

"You're welcome," said the man.

Sam started down Wall Street, but had not gone far before his attention was attracted by the display window of one of the money brokers mentioned by the man he had conversed with on the corner. There were piles of Mexican silver dollars, side by side with American trade dollars, both of which were at a discount. Sam had never seen so much money at one time before, and the sight confirmed his impressions of Wall Street. As he resumed his walk down the street, a man carrying a heavy package, and accompanied by a young and pretty girl, passed him. A glistening object fell from the package. It hit the sidewalk with a ringing sound and rolled to the boy's feet. Sam stooped and picked it up. It was a bright new silver dollar, and it looked awfully big to the boy whose entire capital only amounted to eighteen cents; but his natural honesty pointed out to him that he ought to return the coin to the man. Without a moment's hesitation Sam rushed up to the man and girl.

"Mister," he said, holding out the coin, "you dropped that out of your package."

"Did I?" said the man, looking hard at Sam. "Well, keep it for your honesty."

Then they passed on, leaving the boy looking at the bright dollar.

CHAPTER II.—Sam Gets a Job.

"Gosh! This is what I call luck," soliloquized Sam. "The chap on the corner, who called himself a Curbstone Inspector, said people weren't in the habit of dropping money in Wall Street, but I haven't been in Wall Street ten minutes before a man drops this dollar, and when I offer to return it he tells me to keep it for my honesty. He must have silver dollars to burn. Why, he didn't even stop to look at it. Neither did the girl. She was a pretty girl, all right. I wish I knew her."

He put the dollar in his pocket and proceeded on his way.

"Gee!" he ejaculated, stopping suddenly. "Something is going to happen, sure. Last night, sitting in the smoking car, I dreamed I was in Wall Street and found a bright new silver dollar. A man stepped up to me and said: 'You're a fortunate chap. That's the first coin minted this year. Hold on to it and it will bring you luck.' Now, I wonder if my dream is coming true? As I've only got eighteen cents, it will be mighty hard to hold on to that dollar. But if it's really a lucky piece, I ought to hold on to it. How am I going to know whether it's lucky or not?"

"Say, young man, are you looking for a job?" said a voice at Sam's elbow at that moment.

The boy turned around and confronted a dapper looking young chap, with an imposing diamond scarf-pin.

"No, I wasn't looking for one yet, but if one comes my way I won't turn it down, for I've only got eighteen cents, and I guess that won't pay for two more meals and a night's lodging."

"Come with me to my office. I want a smart boy about your size to look after the place and help aboard my yacht. I'll give you ten dollars a week and find you."

"I won't run away if you pay me the ten dollars, so you won't have to find me. I'll be on hand with both feet all the time," said Sam, to whom wages of ten dollars a week looked as big as a mountain.

"That would be a pretty good wheeze if it wasn't so old," said the dapper young man with a slight smile. "Do you take the job?"

"Will you surely pay me ten dollars a week?"

"Every Saturday, as regular as clock-work, including your meals and a bunk to sleep in."

"Do I get all that?" cried Sam, hardly knowing what to make of such a munificent offer. "I've only just reached New York, and haven't got the hang of the city yet."

"So I supposed. You'll suit me first rate."

"But if I have to run any errands——"

"You won't have to run any to speak of. Only between my office and the yacht."

"Where's your office?"

"On the tenth floor of this skyscraper."

"When do you want me to go to work?"

"Now."

"All right. I'm ready. I was talking to a chap on the corner a while ago. He told me that when I started to look for a job I'd discover it as hard to find as hen's teeth. I guess he must have been dreaming, for you've offered me a job before I started to look for one. How did you happen to pitch on me?"

"I took a fancy to your face," said the young man, leading the way to the elevator.

"Well, now, is that a fact? I didn't know before it was such a taking one."

They shot up the elevator and got out at the tenth floor. Turning down a side corridor, they came to the last door. On the frosted glass panel was painted "Henry Wise. Private."

"Is that your name?" asked Sam.

"That's my name," replied the dapper young man, unlocking the door.

He entered the room, followed by Sam. The office was furnished with a roll-top desk, a rug, two tables, several chairs, a number of pictures, and other things usually found in offices. There were also two safes, a large one and a small one. Henry Wise opened his desk and sat down.

"What's your name?" he said.

"Sam Story."

"How many Stories are in your family?"

"Ten, altogether. I'm the sixth."

"Then the house where your family lives is a ten-story building?"

"No, it's only a two-story building with an attic."

"You came from the country?"

"Yes, from Indiana."

"Your folks are farmers, then?"

"Yes; we've got a good-sized farm."

"Why didn't you stay on the farm?"

"I'd rather work in Wall Street."

"What put that idea in your head away out in Indiana?"

"I met a man out there who came from Wall Street. He told me I could make more money in Wall Street in a week with a little capital than I could on any farm in a year with ten times the capital."

"So you thought you'd run away from the farm and try it."

"Yes, I ran away, all right, but I've got to find the capital before I can make money. I guess I can save it out of the ten dollars a week you're going to pay me with my meals and a bed."

"How much money have you got to fall back on?"

"Eighteen cents," said Sam, not thinking of his silver dollar.

"Well, here's a dollar on account of your first week's wages. You see that small table by the window with the chair?"

Sam said he saw it.

"You are to sit there and watch the office. I shall be out most of the time. If Captain Cox, from my yacht, comes, you can tell him you're the new office boy. He will probably bring a bundle. Here's the key to the closet. Hand it to him. He will return it to you after he has locked up the package. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all you'll have to do for the present. If any visitors call and ask for me, tell them I'm

out and you don't know when I'll be in. Take down their names and tell them to call again at some stated time. There's a pencil and a sheet of paper. Here's a street guide with a map of the city. You can study that, and in a day or two you'll know how to get around town. I'll show you Wall Street. There it is. See the name?"

"I see it."

"This is Broadway. It runs all the way up here. Now, watch my pencil. I am following Wall Street to the East River. That street running along the river is South street. Now, study the names of all those streets up as far as that cross I make, which is the Brooklyn Bridge. I want you to familiarize yourself with the water front. Here's another sheet of paper. You'd better write the names of the streets down, beginning with Wall. When you've got them down fine, learn those above the bridge as far as this cross which I make here. After you've learned those streets you can follow the water front south of Wall, this way, and go around the Battery and up West street. The rest of the city you can learn to suit yourself."

"Yes, sir," said Sam.

"If I'm not back by the time you want your lunch you can lock up and go out to one of the lunch houses in the neighborhood. Here's a quarter to pay for it. This is the Atlas Building, and the office is on the tenth floor. Don't forget that."

"I won't," said Sam.

Wise shut up his desk and went out, leaving Sam in possession.

While he was thinking of the soft snap he had fallen into the door opened and a man came in with a good-sized bundle. He was not so well dressed as Henry Wise, was older, and he had a hunted look in his eyes. When Sam saw the bundle he jumped to the conclusion that this man was Captain Cox, of the yacht. When the visitor saw Sam he stopped where he was and looked undecided.

"Come in," said Sam, in a free-and-easy way. "Are you Captain Cox?"

"Who are you?" asked the caller instead of answering.

"I'm the new office boy."

"Oh," said the visitor, with a look of relief.

"Yes, I'm Captain Cox."

"I s'pose you want to put that bundle in the closet? I was told to hand you the key."

The captain took the key, disposed of the bundle, and returned the key to Sam. Then he sat down near the boy and looked at him.

"Where is Wise?"

"Mr. Wise is out. I don't know when he'll be back."

"What's your name?"

"Sam Story."

"Born and brought up in New York, I suppose?"

"No," said Sam. "I'm from——"

The door opened, and a man with a Hebrew cast of countenance, attired in a business suit, came in.

"Is Mr. Wise in?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied Sam.

"When can I see him?"

"Leave your name and say when you'll call."

"Never mind my name. You can tell him Max called. I will call again at four o'clock if I can. Good-day."

The caller departed.

"Did Wise leave any word for me?" asked the captain.

"No."

"You haven't the least idea how long he'll be away?"

"No."

"Think you'll like this job?"

"Yes."

At that moment Wise came bustling in.

"Hello, Bentley? How long have you been here?"

"About half an hour."

"Any visitors, Sam?"

"One. He said his name was Max and that he would come back at four if he could."

"Very well. It's after twelve, you'd better go and eat. Take your time. I'll be here when you get back."

Sam guessed his boss had some business to transact with the captain and wanted him out of the way, so he put on his hat and left the office.

CHAPTER III.—Sam Visits the Yacht.

When he came to Broad street he decided to walk down it, as Wise had told him to take his time. When he got to the other side of Exchange Place he saw a crowd of well-dressed men standing and gesticulating inside a roped-in enclosure. He guessed they were holding an open-air meeting of some kind. Venturing to inquire, a man told him this was the Curb Exchange, where mining stocks and certain industrials were traded in.

"This is where you speculate, then?" said Sam.

"It's one of the places. That big building on the other side there is the New York Stock Exchange. They buy and sell railroad stocks there. Further down is the Consolidated Exchange, with an entrance on Broadway. You'll find the others if you look hard enough for them. The Produce Exchange is a big, red building with a clock tower on Beaver street—that street down there that this one runs into."

Sam went down to Beaver street and returned to the Atlas Building along the other side, stopping to look at the Stock Exchange. When he entered the office Mr. Wise was at his desk, with one leg crossing the other, and lazily smoking a good cigar.

"Was I out too long, sir," said Sam. "You told me to take my time, so I walked down to the river and around a bit."

"No," replied Wise. "Know the streets along South street to the bridge?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the streets above as far as I told you to go?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well. Keep on with the map. I am going out. I will be back at four. If the man named Max comes in before I get back, tell him to wait."

Wise shut down his desk and left the office.

"I wonder what kind of business is done here?" Sam asked himself. "Whatever it is, Mr. Wise attends to it himself. It must be important or he wouldn't need two safes. He seems to get along without a clerk. Whatever books he keeps he looks after them himself. Well, I don't care as long as I get ten dollars a week, with bed and board. It's equal to fifteen or sixteen dollars. It doesn't look as if I'll be worked very hard here. All I appear to have to do is to watch the office."

Sam got tired of studying the map and varied the monotony by walking around the office. On top of Wise's desk was a copy of that day's Wall Street News. Sam carried it to his table and looked it over. It was full of financial news and stock transactions. Most boys would have found that very dry reading and have cast it aside. Not so Sam. Anything touching on finance or stock speculation interested him. Having lots of time he read it right through from the first page to the last. He even read many of the brokers' advertisements. Four o'clock came and so did Mr. Wise.

"I shall have no further use for you to-day, Sam," he said. "Walk down to South street, turn up toward the Brooklyn Bridge. When you arrive there you will find Captain Cox waiting for you. He will take you to the yacht, which is on the other side of the river. Report here at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

Sam put on his hat, followed his instructions, and found the captain at the spot designated. They walked up Frankfort street.

"So, young man, you have really come off a farm?" said the captain.

"That's what I told you," replied Sam.

"Your conversation misled me. I thought—but no matter. You understand that you are to sleep aboard of the yacht until further notice."

"I suppose so. I'm to get my bed and board in addition to my wages."

"So Wise told me. You have a good job, and it remains with you whether you hold it or not."

"It won't be my fault if I don't hold it."

"I'm glad to hear it. Whatever you are told to do you will be expected to do without question."

"I expect to do what I'm told. There doesn't seem to be much to do at the office."

"It is necessary that some one should be there to attend to visitors; but you must have as little to say to visitors as possible. Ask them their name and their business with Mr. Wise, and answer no questions from them."

By the time they reached the entrance to the bridge Sam began to think that the captain had very close relations with his boss.

"We'll walk across this afternoon, for we have lots of time," said Captain Cox.

That suited Sam all right. They proceeded leisurely, stopping many times while the captain pointed out certain objects of interest on the Manhattan side. Finally they reached the Brooklyn end, turned down toward the river and came out at a small pier. Here a small sloop-yacht was moored. They went aboard.

"Go for'ard to that scuttle cover you see near the bows. Here is the key to the padlock. Open

it, go down and fetch up a bucket and a mop. Fill the bucket from the river and go all over the deck with the mop and plenty of water. Take off your shoes and stockings, and roll up your trousers, before you begin."

Sam started to obey orders. The captain waited to see him begin. Sam had never cleaned a vessel's deck before, but he went about the work with vigor, feeling glad of the opportunity to do some real work for the big pay he was getting. Dashing several bucketfuls of water over the boards, he started in with the mop. Captain Cox then went into the little cabin, which was also secured by a stout padlock. While Sam was in the midst of his new employment, a bare-footed youngster with a tow head and ragged clothes came upon the wharf and seated himself on the stringpiece close to the boat.

"Hello, mugsy?" he said.

"Hello, yourself," replied Sam, without pausing in his labor.

"Are you de crew of dat sloop?" inquired the urchin.

"No, I'm the skipper," returned Sam.

"Tell dat to Sweeney. Yer look like yer wuz from de country."

"You look as if you come out of a rag bag."

"Aw, cork up. Me reg'lar clo's is at me tailor's gettin' pressed, 'cause why, I'm goin' to a ball dis evenin' wit' me best goil."

"A codfish ball?" laughed Sam.

"Naw; don't get funny. A real ball. I've got an extry ticket. If yer'll go I'll interjuce yer to me gal, and youse kin have a dance wit' her."

"Thanks; but I don't think I'll be able to go, Patches."

At that moment the captain came out of the cabin to see who Sam was talking to.

"Get away from here, you young scamp!" he shouted to the kid on the stringer.

"Wot's de matter wit' youse? Yer don't own dis pier," replied the youth.

Captain Cox picked up a bit of rope and jumped for the wharf. The boy noted his action in time to get out of his reach. He picked up a piece of wood and flung it at the captain, putting his finger to his nose and expressing his contempt in pantomime. Captain Cox rushed after him, but the barefooted lad was too spry for him, and he kept a safe distance between them. When the captain returned to the sloop the youth came back near enough to jeer at him.

"I'll have you arrested!" roared Cox.

"Yer'll have to catch me fust. Yah! Go sit on a tack."

All this amused Sam greatly, but he went on with his work and finally finished it.

"Take the bucket and the mop back and light a fire in the stove," said the captain.

Sam found the small stove in the forepeak filled with ashes, and he cleaned it out first, dumping the ashes overboard. As soon as he had the fire well started, he notified the captain. Cox came down into the galley, put some potatoes in a pan and handed it to Sam with a knife.

"Get up on deck, peel and slice up these potatoes," he said.

While Sam was thus engaged the ragged youth reappeared with two companions. The three lined up on the stringer and began handing the

young Westerner a lot of sarcastic comments. Sam paid no attention to them. Captain Cox stuck his head up through the scuttle opening and ordered the boys away.

"Keep yer shirt on," replied the original youth. "Dis is a free country, and youse ain't got no right to chase us."

At that juncture the watchman in charge of that section of the water front appeared with a rattan in his hand. Then ensued a scampering on the part of the youths, whose speed was accelerated by an application of the rattan to their bare legs. Sam enjoyed the performance hugely. Captain Cox tossed the watchman a quarter, and told him he hoped he would keep those kids off the dock altogether.

"I'll keep my eyes on them, sir," said the man, walking away.

At six o'clock Sam and the captain sat down to a mess of bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, baker's bread and coffee. They became quite friendly over the repast, though Captain Cox acted like a man with a weight on his mind. He started at the slightest sound that came from the dock, and sometimes went to the cabin door and looked out. The dishes were carried to the galley and it fell to Sam's duty to wash them. About the time he was finished the captain stuck his head down the scuttle.

"Do you see that door in the bulkhead behind you?" he said to the boy.

"Yes," said Sam.

"Open it and take a look."

Sam did so, and saw a small space equipped with a stationary bunk, a washstand affixed to the wall, a stool that folded up, and some other things.

"That's your bedroom," said the skipper. "You can turn in whenever you want to, but you needn't be surprised if you're routed out before midnight to help hoist sail, if Wise decides on making a short night trip. His nerves are out of order and when he feels an attack coming on he visits the sloop and I take him up or down the river, and it makes him feel better."

"I don't feel sleepy yet," said Sam. "I'm coming on deck."

Captain Cox went aft and Sam left the forepeak and sat down with his back against the mast.

CHAPTER IV.—Mystery.

Darkness had come over city and river by that time. The forest of masts of the sailing vessels lying at the docks along South street were faintly outlined against the sky, as were also the upper sections of the skyscrapers in the lower part of Manhattan. The Brooklyn Bridge glowed with its string of electric lights suspended in the air from shore to shore. There was still a lot of activity on the river, and the hum of the many cars on the bridge, carrying thousands of workers to their homes, was distinctly audible to Sam's ears. A myriad of lights gleamed along the opposite shore as far as the boy could see, and there were lots of lights on the Brooklyn side, too, but Sam could only see a very small part of them.

A puffing tug was making fast to a ship opposite to take her from her berth to some point down the bay, and a gleaming ferry boat left her slip at the foot of Fulton street and glided slowly across the river. All these sights were new and interesting to Sam, who hadn't been quite twelve hours in the great metropolis yet. Already things had happened to him that were rather out of the common under the circumstances, and stronger things were going to happen to him before long. After a time his thoughts went out to the big 3,000-acre wheat farm owned by his father, and he wondered how the family had acted when his letter was found notifying them that he decided to go to Chicago to make his fortune. That was only a bluff, for Sam was foxy enough to guess that his father would telegraph to the police to look out for him and send him back. Therefore, he didn't remain in Chicago any longer than he could get a train over the Fort Wayne road and its connections for New York, which was the real destination he had in sight.

As he suspected that the New York police would be asked to look for him when he was not found in Chicago, he tried to throw his father off the track by going to a police station, giving his name, and where he was from, and asking what was the shortest route to Toronto, Canada, stating that he had been offered a job there. He got the information and then made tracks for the Fort Wayne depot. He thought he had done a smart thing. Perhaps he had. At any rate, he reached New York all right, and was safe enough at that moment from being overhauled. Sam remained on deck till nine o'clock, then went below and turned in. Three hours later he was awakened by Captain Cox.

"Get up and come on deck," said the skipper.

Sam, yawning and half asleep, got into his clothes and tumbled up. The night had turned dark and not a star was visible. Captain Cox had taken the stops off the mainsails, and brought one of the jibs out of the cabin. Sam helped hoist the mainsail. There were two halliards and Sam was told to coil them. Not being up to sea terms Sam asked the captain what he meant. "Turn them over so that the end of the halliard is under the coil," said Cox.

While Sam was doing this the skipper was hauling the bobstay and bowsprit shrouds taut. Sam was sent on the dock to cast off the forward line, but to take care not to throw it off entirely, and return with the slack in his hand.

"Now hold on till I shout to you to let go," said the skipper, who went aft and, leaping on the dock, cast off the after line and got back on board. Sam turning his face in that direction saw the glow of a cigar near the wheel, which indicated the presence of a third person on board. The boy guessed it was his employer.

"He's got a nervous spell on and we're going to take him for a sail," thought the young Westerner.

"Let go!"

Sam let go of the line, stepped forward and picked up the line where it was secured to an iron cleat in the bows and hauled the slack in from the water, coiling it as he proceeded. They were presently clear of the dock and pointing

up the river, the party with the lighted cigar doing the steering. Captain Cox came forward, attached the jib and hoisted it.

"You can turn in now, but keep your trousers on," he said to Sam. "I'll call you when I want you."

He went aft and Sam went back to his bunk. He fell asleep, but it seemed only a few minutes to the boy when he was called by the captain. The yacht was up the river somewhere, running in toward a wharf.

"Grab that mooring line and stand ready to jump ashore and belay it around a spile head," said the captain. "Don't jump before getting a hold on the stringpiece, for it's plaguey dark and you might find yourself overboard. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Sam, keeping his eye on the long blur that stood for the dock.

The captain let the sail down with a run, and in another moment the yacht bumped softly against the spiles. Sam grasped the stringpiece, scrambled on the wharf, and secured the line he carried to the nearest spile-head, hauling the boat's head short.

"Come aft," said the skipper in a low tone.

Sam walked that way along the dock, caught the rope flung to him and tied it to another spile.

"Jump aboard and turn in," said Captain Cox.

Sam obeyed, wondering if the yacht was to remain there for the rest of the night. While he was dropping into the forepeak he saw a dark figure, which he believed was his boss, step ashore with a suit-case in his hand. The figure exchanged a few words with the captain in a low tone, and then vanished into the darkness. Captain Cox walked slowly forward with his head down and his hands behind his back.

"He's taking an extra risk to-night," Sam heard him say aloud. "I hope he gets away with it. If he should be caught—I wish I was free of this business. I haven't slept easily since he lifted the Oakley diamonds. That made a big stir. The papers were full of it for a week, and the police have been very active; but as usual, they're on the wrong scent. Not the slightest suspicion points our way, but still one never can tell what may happen. I never was a nervous man, but now I start at passing sounds, and shy at my own shadow. I didn't want Wise to take another chances so soon on top of the other, but he only laughed and said the prize was too valuable for him to let slip when it was so easy to get at."

Captain Cox stood close to the open scuttle, unconscious that he was speaking his thoughts aloud, and below him in the darkness, stood Sam, listening to his words with the most profound astonishment. The skipper looked off into the overcast night with a troubled expression on his features. The only sounds around him were the gurgling of the river flowing around the spiles, and an occasional bump and scrape as the sloop hit the wharf.

"If I only dared quit him—if I only dared; but he's got a hold on me that would land me in—I mustn't think of it. I feel sorry for that boy in case anything should happen. He'd find it harder to clear himself. Touch pitch and you are sure to be defiled. He's a stranger in the city,

and a person without friends always stands a poor show with the police. He'd be railroaded as sure as fate—and he's guilty of nothing. I'd swear to that, but my word wouldn't count. Well, let us hope nothing happens, but I shall be on pins and needles till Wise gets back. If he pulls the game off all right, there'll be another sensation in the papers to-morrow and the police will be up against it again."

Captain Cox walked away and entering the cabin closed the door.

"Jewilikins! What does all this mean?" ejaculated Sam. "There seems to be something crooked in the wind, and I'm in it without knowing what it is. If this is the kind of luck my silver dollar is bringing me, I'd better get rid of it."

Sam went to his bunk and sat down. After what he had heard he did not feel a bit like going to sleep. His employer was such a dapper, smartly dressed and prosperous looking young man that Sam could hardly believe he was engaged in anything dishonest. A man with a Wall Street office, two imposing looking safes, a handsome rug and fine furniture could not be a common thief as the captain's soliloquy indicated. At least Sam didn't know how he could. Nevertheless, the words let fall by Captain Cox caused him a good bit of uneasiness. Ten dollars a week, with board and lodging thrown in, and not a whole lot to do, was not to be picked up at random, even in Wall Street, and Sam was smart enough to understand that, though he had had no previous experience of city life. It, therefore, began to dawn upon him that Mr. Wise had some special reason for dispensing such a princely compensation. We will not dwell upon Sam's doubts and conflicting thoughts during the two hours that intervened between Wise's departure from the yacht with the suit-case and his return with the same case. It was half-past two in the morning when he came back and he seemed to be in a hurry. He rushed into the cabin. A minute later he reappeared with the half-dressed captain. They jumped on the wharf and cast off both lines in a jiffy. The yacht's bow was pushed off, her mainsail and jib rapidly hoisted, and then with the captain at the wheel the sloop wore around and started back down the river.

Shortly Sam stuck his head out the cabin door and saw Captain Cox and Mr. Wise talking on deck. Sam learned nothing and went back to bed and to sleep. Next morning he got up and found the sloop moored to a dock at the end of a street. Sam lit the fire. The cabin door was fastened and he concluded the captain and Wise were in there asleep. He looked over the side and discovered a cord leading down into the water. Pulling it up, he saw attached to it a box wrapped in oil silk. He did not open it but let it down again. Soon the captain came on deck, and told him to go ashore and proceed to the office, after giving him directions how to reach there. He bought a morning paper and the first thing that attracted his attention was a robbery committed on a wealthy broker on 67th street. The paper stated it was done by the same robbers that had stolen a lot of diamonds from a man named Oakley by the looks of things. A lot of burglaries had been laid to the same gang. When Sam reached the office

to his surprise Wise was there. Sam wondered what business was carried on there. It puzzled him.

CHAPTER V.—Sam Makes a Friend.

Ten minutes later two men came in with a stock indicator and announced they had come to install it.

"Where are you going to put it?" asked Wise.

"Anywhere you say, sir; but the most convenient place for us to place it is over here by this table. That's where the previous tenant had it. The wires come through the wall there, and if that place suits you, all we have to do is to connect them with the machine, and it will be in operation in a few minutes," said one of the men.

"Put it there, then," said Wise.

In less than fifteen minutes the ticker was clicking away at a rapid rate.

"Will you shift my desk over to that window and bring the table over here?" Wise asked the men.

"Certainly, sir," said the spokesman.

The desk and the table were reversed and Sam found himself established at the other window. The men went away and Wise passed half an hour looking at the marks that came out on the tape. Then he put on his hat and told Sam he was going out and probably would not return for an hour.

"If any one calls tell them I am over at my brokers. They can either wait or call again," he said.

Then he went out, leaving Sam in charge. Having nothing to do Sam went to the ticker, curious to watch its workings, and to see what its mission was. He first looked at the brass mechanism inside the glass cover, and saw that it printed letters and figures on the tape which entered through a slit at one side from a thick, narrow, endless roll, ran through the machine and issued from another slit on the opposite side and fell into a tall wicker basket placed there to receive it. He picked up the printed tape as he had seen Wise do, and looked at the marks.

"200 U P 134 1-8," he saw.

"What does that mean?" Sam asked himself.

"100 C S 116 5-8," came next.

A whole lot more of the same apparently meaningless marks preceded and followed those shown above. They were as intelligible to Sam as Egyptian hieroglyphics would have been. While Sam was puzzling his brains over the marks the door opened and a boy stuck his head in.

"Hello, Casey!" he said.

Sam turned around and looked at him.

"My name isn't Casey," he said. "What do you want?"

"I'll take it back. I thought you were Casey. Where is he? Fired?"

"I don't know anything about him. You'll have to come in later and ask Mr. Wise. He'll be back in an hour."

"Are you the office boy here now?"

"Yes. Do you work on this floor?"

"Next door with a cheap broker."

"Do you have one of these things in your office?"

"What things?"

"This ticking machine."

"Sure. It's a stock ticker. When did you get it? It wasn't here the last time I was in to see Casey."

"It came a little while ago. Can you tell me the meaning of the marks that come out on the paper?"

"Sure I can," said the boy, coming forward. "Is this the first time you've worked in Wall Street?"

"Yes."

"But you've seen a ticker in saloons, haven't you?"

"No. I don't go into saloons."

"Well, what do you want to know?"

"What does that mean?" said Sam, pointing.

"One hundred and fifty shares of Southern Railways has been sold by a broker in the Exchange for \$133 2-5 a share. That's the record of the transaction."

"You don't say. And that one?"

"One hundred shares of Northern Pacific sold at 114 1-2."

"How do you know that N. P. stands for Northern Pacific?"

"Because it does. Get a stock report, or open the morning paper at the financial page and look at the list under the sales of stocks. You will find the names of the stock dealt in at the Exchange. Got a paper? I'll show you."

Sam brought the morning paper from his desk. The other boy turned to the page in question.

"Here you are. The names are not abbreviated as much as they appear on the ticker, so you will be able to understand by comparing the ticker marks with them what they mean. This list shows the total number of shares of each stock dealt in at the Exchange yesterday. There were 7,600 shares of Amalgamated Copper. Those columns of figures show the highest and lowest prices for the day. Also the closing price—that is the last quotation of the stock. Amalgamated opened probably at 60 1-2. It sold as high as 61 1-4, but dropped to 61. That's the last figure."

"You seem to have it down fine."

"Sure I have. I know the thing like a book."

"I wish you'd explain it all to me. I'm interested. I intend to speculate when I've saved money enough."

"Ho! You'd lose your money. I've tried it at the little bank on Nassau street and got cleaned out every time; but I'm game to tackle it again. I'm liable to hit it some time."

"I thought everybody made money in stocks in Wall Street."

"The dickens you did!" cried the boy, giving Sam a curious look. "Who stuffed you with that idea?"

"A man from Wall Street I met out in our village."

"What village did you come from?"

"Russville."

"Where is that? Up-State?"

"Out in Indiana."

"Did you come from Indiana?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Yesterday."

"Yesterday?" ejaculated the other boy in surprise. "Only yesterday?"

"Yes. Got here yesterday about ten o'clock."

"You didn't lose any time catching on to a job. How did you connect so quick? Have a letter of introduction?"

"No. I was walking down Wall Street when Mr. Wise stopped me and asked me if I was looking for a job. I told him that I hadn't thought about it yet. He asked me if I'd go to work for him right away. As I had heard that Wall Street jobs were hard to get, I said yes, so he hired me."

"I never heard of such a thing. You were blamed lucky—if you wanted work."

"I guess I was."

"Didn't he ask you for references, or whether you was well acquainted with the city?"

"No. I told him I was a stranger in the city—had just arrived, and didn't know anything about the place except that this was Wall Street, and Broadway was up yonder."

"Well, I'll be jiggered. That gets my goat. I don't see what use you are to him running errands."

"He said he wants me to look after the office when he's out."

"You've got a fat snap. Casey told me how fat it was, but he didn't last very long. What do you get? Casey told me he got \$6."

"Ten dollars with board and bed."

"Ten dollars with what?"

"Board and lodging."

"Holy mackerel! He must have made you junior partner. You're kidding me."

"No, I'm not. It's a fact."

"Never heard of such wages for an office boy, and you're only a green one. Why, I've been in Wall Street two years, and I'm right up to the minute, and all I get is \$7. Don't you do anything but watch the office?"

"That's all so far, except wash down the yacht, make the fire, help let go the lines, hoist the sail and tie her up to the wharf."

"Has your boss a yacht?"

"Yes."

"And you work aboard of her, too?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I see. That accounts for your big wages with board and a bed. You eat and sleep on the yacht?"

"Yes. Except at noon, and then Mr. Wise gives me a quarter for my lunch."

"I guess you've got hold of a good thing. Your boss must be rich."

"I guess so."

"What does he do? Casey didn't know."

"I don't know, either, but I suppose I'll find out after a while."

"Most likely you will. Whenever the boss goes sailing you'll go along. I wish I had your snap. You ought to save all your wages."

"I hope to. When I get enough I will begin speculating."

"Fifty dollars will start you at the little bank. You can buy five shares of any stock on margin for that. If the price goes up you'll make \$5, less commission charges. If it goes down a point you'll be out \$5 and commissions, too. It

always went down with me, but I'll catch a winner yet and get square."

"Say, I rather like you. What's your name?"

"Bob Brown. What's yours?"

Sam told him, and added that he would consider it a favor if Bob would post him how to speculate.

"Sure I will. But I must get back to the office now. I'll see you to-morrow some time."

Bob Brown took his leave, and Sam, with the list of stock sales in his hand, proceeded to familiarize himself with the meaning of the marks that came out on the ticker tape, and succeeded very well indeed, for Sam was as bright as the new dollar he carried as a pocket-piece, and he picked up knowledge rapidly.

CHAPTER VI.—Sam's Indecision.

Wise came in about noon and told Sam he could go to lunch, handing him a quarter.

"You needn't return till after one, as I shall be busy here and won't need you," said Wise. "After lunch, walk down to the Battery and look around there. Then go up West street as far as Cortlandt, turn up Cortlandt to Broadway, come down Broadway to Wall and back here. Take note of the streets and other things."

It was half-past one when Sam got back to the office. Wise had his hat on and went out right away, saying he would be back at four. Sam brought back with him a book on Wall Street speculation which he bought for a quarter at a bookstore, and put in the afternoon reading it. Wise returned at four and asked Sam if he could find his way back to the yacht.

"If it's in the same place I can," he answered.

"It's at the same dock. How will you go?"

"I'll walk up Nassau street to Park Row, go on to the Brooklyn Bridge, cross the river, and turn down to the left."

"You've got the route all right," said Wise.

"Well, you can start now. You'll find Captain Cox on board."

Three-quarters of an hour later Sam stepped aboard the yacht. The captain was reading an afternoon paper, seated on a camp-stool. He nodded to Sam, and the boy, pulling his own paper out of his pocket, began to read further particulars about the previous night's robbery. A full list of the property stolen was given, but the police had made no real discoveries, or if they had they had not given them out to the newspapers.

"That was quite a robbery last night in the city," said Sam, looking at the skipper.

The captain started and said, "What's that?"

Sam repeated the remark, and added that the police thought they had a clew in the man with the suit-case the patrolman had seen walking out on the Seventy-second street wharf at about three in the morning.

"I guess he had nothing to do with the burglary. Such a job as that is not pulled off by one man, and the burglars wouldn't be likely to go out on a public dock with their booty where they would be likely to run against the watchman."

"The police think he got away in a sloop that was waiting for him."

"Stuff and nonsense! Crooks have their hiding places in certain parts of the city where it is dangerous for policemen to go. They don't take to boats on the river. Go forward now and light the fire. We'll have supper early."

Sam went forward, unlocked the scuttle cover, but before he went down he ventured to look over the bows. The string tied to the ring was still there, so the boy judged that the weighty package sunk on the bottom was still there. He strongly suspected that the contents of that package would prove interesting to the police, and he wondered if it wasn't his duty to put them on to it. Mr. Wise's cheerful and easy manner at the office that day had somewhat disarmed Sam's suspicions concerning him. He began to wonder if the person who had been aboard the yacht the night before was really Wise. It might have been somebody else, and the sloop might have been used without his employer's knowledge and consent. Then he recalled the captain's soliloquy, and that convinced him that Wise had been there, and he feared he was the man who had committed all the robberies printed in the day's papers.

"I surely ought to notify the police," he thought as he cleaned out the stove and built a fresh fire; "but if I do I'll be arrested, too, and be sent to jail with the captain and Mr. Wise. That will be the end of my fine job and the chance of speculating in Wall Street. I wish I knew somebody I could go to for advice."

Supper was ready at six, and he and the captain sat down to it in the cabin. Sam said nothing more about the robbery, but he read all that the afternoon paper printed about it. After the dishes were washed up it was dark, and he asked Captain Cox if he could take a walk around the neighborhood.

"You can if you think you won't get lost," said the skipper.

"Oh, I'll look out for that," he said, confidently.

"Well, don't go away from the docks. The bridge will be a guide to you."

So Sam went on his stroll. He kept to the river front and an hour later came back. He sat down on the stringpiece at the foot of the dock, near the bridge arch, before returning to the schooner. Approaching voices reached his ears.

"You say there's a sloop-yacht moored at this dock. Know anything about her?" asked a man, in a sharp tone.

"Yes. It's my business to know. She belongs to Henry Wise, of Wall Street."

"Henry Wise. Is he a stock broker?"

"I don't know what his business is. His office is in the Atlas Building."

"Is the yacht in commission?"

"Yes. There's a captain aboard of her. Yesterday afternoon a boy joined him. I saw him aboard about half-past five; washing her deck. He was there when I came on duty this afternoon at five. I haven't seen any one else except Mr. Wise lately. He came here last Saturday about two, I heard, hired a man in the neighborhood to help sail the yacht, and went for a sail. I saw him when the yacht returned at dark."

"What kind of looking man is he?"

"About thirty, good looking and active."

"Tall or short; fat or slim?"

"About average height, not at all stout, rather dapper looking."

"Was the yacht away last night?"

"I guess not."

"Wouldn't you have known if she was?"

"Yes," said the watchman, who did not think it necessary to state that he had taken a sleep from midnight till four, after arranging with a brother watchman to ring up his time-clock every half hour for him.

He performed a similar service for his friend on alternate nights, so that the pair were enjoying a soft thing of it on the quiet.

"The yacht could not possibly have been away two or three hours without you knowing it, then?"

"Surely not. I have to walk out on each of my docks every half hour, and then ring up my time-clock. If the yacht hadn't been at her berth I would have known it. What makes you think she was away?"

"I haven't any thoughts on the subject," said the other. "I merely asked you out of curiosity. Do you know of any other sloop-rigged craft in this vicinity?"

"There's one at the second dock below here that is loading brick for a Long Island town."

That ended the conversation as far as Sam was concerned, for the two men walked away, and when their footsteps died out the boy got up and went aboard the yacht.

It was a long time before Sam got to sleep that night after turning in early. He felt it was his duty to notify the police, but it seemed to be against his interest to do so. Apart from his silver dollar, which he was still disposed to believe was lucky, all the money he had was \$1.20, and he knew that wouldn't last long if he had to pay for his food and lodging. Then it wasn't at all certain but he would be locked up in jail after he had told his story. As a matter of fact, he would have been held a practical prisoner in the House of Detention for witnesses, since he had no established place of residence in New York. Furthermore, he hated to turn against Captain Cox, who treated him in a very friendly way. Altogether, he tossed about on the horns of several dilemmas, and could not decide what to do. The reader may think that an honest boy like Sam would easily have decided that there was only one way for him to act, and that was the right way; but Sam was in a decidedly difficult position, and he may be pardoned for his indecision. When he awoke next morning he was still at sea and irresolute. He helped the captain get breakfast, cleaned up the cabin and started for Wall Street. On his way down Nassau street he noticed, for the first time, the little banking and brokerage house mentioned by Bob Brown. Out of curiosity he ventured in. It was close to ten o'clock, and the place was fairly crowded with small speculators who made the reception-room their headquarters. There was a big blackboard at one end of the room with the initials of the chief stocks painted above the column in which the quotations as they came out were chalked up by a small youth in knickerbockers. Sam had no time to spend there, but he resolved to drop in there again when he went to lunch if he was allowed as much time as usual.

He entered his office at five minutes after ten, but Wise didn't appear until nearly eleven. He opened his desk, looked over his mail, and then told Sam he had a note for him to take to a broker in the Mills Building.

"Think you can find the place? It's down on Broad street."

"I'll find it if it is on Broad street, for that street ain't more than two blocks long," replied Sam.

"You know where the Curb brokers have their Exchange, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, the building is below there on the same side."

"Then I won't miss it."

He took the note and started off just like a regular messenger. He found the Mills Building without any great trouble, and also the office of the broker, which was on the third floor. He received a reply to take back, and as he made for the elevator he ran against Bob Brown, who had just delivered a note to a broker on that floor.

"Hello, Story, I didn't expect to meet you here," said Bob. "Ain't you afraid you'll get lost?" he added, with a grin.

"No fear," replied Sam. "Where are you going?"

"Back to the office."

"So am I. We'll go together."

"Understand how to read the ticker now?"

"Pretty good. I'll have it down by the time I leave this afternoon. I was in at the little bank you spoke about. The place was full of men and tobacco smoke. Are those men speculators?"

"Most of them are. The others are has-beens who are busted, and they go there from force of habit, and because it's a good place to loaf."

"I wouldn't hang around there unless I was making something. I came to New York to make money, and I intend to do it before I go back home, though I've only got \$1.20 now besides my lucky dollar."

"You've got a lucky dollar, have you?"

"Yes," and Sam told him how he got it, and also his dream.

"It must be lucky, for you got your swell job right away. I'll have to call you Silver Dollar Sam."

"My job may not be so well as you think. What do you think about that robbery the papers are full of?"

"I think it was a pretty slick piece of business."

"If you thought you knew who was the thief, would you tell the police?"

"Sure I'd tell them."

"Suppose your boss was the burglar, and you'd lose your job if he was arrested, would you give him away?"

"No fear of my boss doing anying crooked. The worst he does is to shear a few lambs when they come bleating his way."

"Has he got a place in the country?"

"He's lucky to have a flat in the city."

"Where does he get the lambs to shear, then?"

"Why, they come to his office occasionally."

"The lambs do?" cried Sam, who had never heard of the two legged lambs of Wall Street.

"What kind of game are you giving me? I never heard of lambs being sheared before. They don't get enough wool on their bodies till they become sheep."

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared Bob. "What an innocent you are? The speculating public are called lambs, just as the brokers are called bulls and bears."

Then Sam understood, but Bob continued to chuckle until they parted on the tenth floor.

CHAPTER VII.—More Luck, but Sam Doesn't Know It.

As that was Saturday, Wise told Sam that he could start for the yacht as soon as he left.

"Here's your pay for the week, minus the dollar I advanced you," he added.

"Nine dollars," cried Sam. "Why, this is only my third day, and only two hours at that."

"It's the habit in Wall Street to pay employees hired any time during the week a full week's wages. Take it and be thankful you've got it. Be on hand Monday at ten. If you want to look the town over this afternoon, you needn't go across the river till five. You can take Brooklyn in to-morrow. Captain Cox might take you around and show you the sights. That would be safer for you until you get the swing of things," said Wise.

"I guess I'll go uptown and see the sights myself this afternoon," said Sam.

At quarter past twelve Wise told Sam he could go, and he went. He got downstairs and suddenly remembered that he had left his paper which he had finished on his table. Up he went again, but when he tried the door he found it locked. Sam thought that funny, particularly as he heard sounds inside. He tried the keyhole, but the key blocked the way.

"The boss is in there. I wonder what he's doing?" thought the boy.

The fan-light was open, but there was no way of reaching it. Just then Bob Brown came out of his office.

"Hello, Silver Dollar Sam, are you off for the day?" he asked.

"Yes, but I left a paper in the office and I can't get back."

"Don't you carry the key?"

"Yes, but the boss is in there and has the door locked."

"Oh, I see."

"Say, let me get on your shoulders, will you? I want to look in over the door."

"Want to see what your boss is doing?"

"Never mind," said Sam, kicking off his shoes. "Stand there and don't you let me drop."

Sam was as active as a monkey and, getting on Bob's shoulders, he peered into the office. The biggest safe was open, and Wise was looking over its contents. It was packed well filled with fine silverware, watches and diamond ornaments. Sam gazed spellbound at the collection, and then as Bob got wobbly under his weight, he jumped down and put on his shoes.

"Have you seen all you wanted to?" asked Bob.

"No, but I guess I've seen enough."

"What is your boss doing?"

"He's doing a number of people, I guess."

"You needn't care as long as he doesn't do you," grinned Bob.

"I don't know. I think I ought to——"

"Ought to what?"

"Never mind," said Sam, looking thoughtful.

"What are you going to do with yourself this afternoon?"

"I'm going to lunch first, and then——"

"Well?"

"I guess I'll go to Central Park."

The boys parted downstairs and Sam went to lunch. Sam really intended to inquire his way to Police Headquarters and tell his story, but he did not care to tell Bob that. When he had eaten his lunch he asked the cashier, a girl, if she knew where the main office of the police was.

"There's the telephone directory. You'll find the address and call number in that," she replied.

Sam looked for it under the head of "Police," and found that the "Headquarters" were at 240 Center street. He made a note of the address, and then asked the girl where Center street was.

"Go straight up Nassau street and along Park Row to the Brooklyn Bridge, and you will find Center street facing you. It's a wide street running uptown."

Sam thanked the cashier and started for Nassau street. When he reached the Brooklyn Bridge he asked a bootblack which was Center street.

"Right dere," replied the kid, pointing.

Sam crossed Park Row and walked into Center street. Now that he was on the last lap of his route, though he still had a good many blocks before him, as Police Headquarters was at the northern end of the street, between Grand and Broome, his resolution began to weaken. In fact, he was experiencing an attack of "cold feet," very like the sensation one feels when on the way to a dentist's to have a nerve treated. He took note of the numbers, but not of the names of the cross streets. When he reached Canal street he found he had less than 100 numbers before him, and the picture of a room full of uniformed policemen rose so vividly before his mind that his steps began to lag. At Hester street he was proceeding at a snail's pace, and when he got to Grand, with the building close by, he was all in. The sight of six policemen coming toward him put him into a panic. For the moment the impression prevailed with him that the police knew he was coming, and the six men had been sent to escort him into the building. Instinctively, he looked around for some place to hide, but the only place he could retreat into was one of the doorways. He was afraid to take refuge there, as the officers were sure to see him do it, so putting on a bold front, he went on. The six officers hardly looked at him as they passed, and Sam felt greatly relieved. At last he reached "Headquarters," and saw the lamps outside and the name. A policeman issued from its portals and stopped near the boy. The officer saw that the boy looked like a stranger to the city, and asked him if he was looking for a particular number.

"Yes, sir; that is, no, sir. I'm looking for—Central Park," blundered Sam.

"Central Park! Why, that's uptown. It begins at Fifty-ninth street. Where are you stopping?"

"At the Brooklyn Bridge, across the river."

"You mean near the bridge, in Brooklyn?"

"Yes; that's it."

"You see that street there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tat's Grand. Follow it that way till you come to Broadway. Get aboard a car going uptown and change to a Sixth avenue car at Thirty-second street, where Broadway and Sixth avenue cross each other. Ask the conductor to see that you get off at the right point. When you return, you had better go east along Fifty-ninth street to the Third avenue elevated station and take a train marked 'City Hall.' That will take you direct to the entrance of the Brooklyn Bridge."

"Thank you," said Sam, starting for Grand street.

His intended communication with the police was all off for the present. Three-quarters of an hour later a Sixth avenue car landed Sam at Fifty-ninth street, facing one of the entrances to Central Park. He proceeded to enjoy himself during the rest of the afternoon. As it is not a difficult matter to get lost in the park unless one keeps to the main paths where people are always to be met, Sam found himself in that predicament around five o'clock. Visitors are expected to keep off the driveways and horse paths, except to cross them to the other side. Somehow Sam got into the later, and when he looked for a walking path, could not see one near. The only thing he could do was to keep on walking, hugging the edge of the bridle path, till he came to one.

Suddenly he heard the rapid patter of a galloping horse, then a scream from a female, and around the turn in the path a black stallion burst into view, tearing along at a wild pace, as if he had taken fright at something. Unseated and clinging to the animal was a girl, one foot caught in the stirrup, and in such a position that, handicapped by her riding skirt, she could not regain the saddle. She held on desperately, for to let go meant that she would be thrown backward, head downward, and dragged over the ground at a high rate of speed that would probably result in her finish before the horse was stopped. Sam took the girl's peril in at a glance, and he didn't hesitate a moment in doing what he believed was his duty. He sprang into the roadway and swung his hat, dancing this way and that, and shouting as he had been accustomed to do on the farm when he was trying to drive a skittish year-old colt into a corner of the fence in order to get a rope around its neck.

The apparition of Sam's active figure broke the stride of the runaway, but did not greatly reduce his speed. He shied in order to pass the boy. With a leap Sam flung his arms around the animal's neck as he swept by. In an instant the plucky lad was swept off his feet. He flung one leg upward and landed partially astride of the horse and partly across the girl's right arm, which encircled the horse's neck and joined her

left arm underneath. Her right foot was clinging to the back of the saddle, held there by the tangled stirrup. Grabbing the bridle with his right hand, Sam leaned down and caught the girl under the arms with his left.

"Let go and draw your arm out from under my leg," he said. "Don't be afraid. I have a strong grip on you."

The young lady, who had not entirely lost her presence of mind, did as he directed, and Sam pulled her up on a level with his hip.

"Now throw your arms around me and work up behind."

Sam, as he spoke, bent forward, not only to assist the movement on her part, but to blind the horse with his hands. As the girl got a hold on his waist she found her movements hampered by her left leg, which was obstructed by her riding habit. She freed her foot from the stirrup, and as the horse reduced his speed rapidly when he found he could no longer see where he was going, she ventured to use one of her hands to straighten out her habit and thus free the imprisoned limbs.

In a few minutes the wild flight was at an end and the horse came to a standstill, trembling violently. The girl leaped to the ground, and Sam followed, with the bridle in his fingers. He spoke soothingly to the animal and petted him. The girl added her endearments.

"Prince, you bad boy, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she said, at the same time patting his nose. "Do you know you might have killed your mistress? Do you know that, sir?"

Whether Prince knew it or not, he rubbed his nose against her cheek several times, and then looked at Sam as much as to say what are you butting in here for.

"He's all right, now, Miss," said Sam, for the first time noticing that the young lady he had rescued from a dangerous as well as embarrassing predicament was uncommonly good looking.

She had beautiful, dark eyes that glowed with the excitement of the occasion, a "peaches and cream" complexion, and a form perfect in its symmetry.

"You are a brave boy," she replied. "You saved my life, and I never can thank you enough."

"Don't mention it, miss."

"My name is Natalie Caldwell. Will you tell me yours?"

"Sam Story."

"Mr. Story, I hope you will believe that my gratitude to you is boundless. Here is my card with my address. My parents will desire to thank you for the great service you have rendered me. I want you to promise to call very soon—to-morrow afternoon, if it would be convenient to you, say between three and five. May I expect that you will do so?"

Sam said he would do so and, looking at the card, asked her where East Sixty-seventh street was.

"You see, I'm a stranger to the city. I came from the West on Thursday morning, and I haven't got the hang of the streets yet," he said.

"You do not intend to stay long, then?" she said with an expression of regret on her fea-

tures, for she had hoped to know her brave rescuer much better.

Sam was a good looking, stalwart and manly lad, and he had made quite an impression on the fair Miss Caldwell.

"Oh, yes, I do. I came here to make money in Wall Street," he replied.

"Indeed? My father is a prominent Wall Street broker."

"Is he, miss?"

"Yes. I'm awfully glad that you expect to remain here for a while. It will give us the opportunity of seeing more of each other."

"That would be very nice, Miss Caldwell. I should be glad to have you for a friend. I am so new to the city that I really haven't any one that I can call by that name," said Sam.

"You may be sure that I shall be your friend after what has happened, and my father and mother will be glad to make your stay in the city as pleasant as possible."

"Shall I assist you to mount?" asked Sam.

"If you please," she answered.

He walked beside the horse until they came to a side path which offered him escape from the riding road. There they paused and continued their conversation for ten minutes more, at the end of which, with Sam's repeated promise to call next day between three and five, they separated, and the young Westerner making his way back to Fifty-ninth street through the park, set out for the Third avenue elevated, and in due time reached the yacht at his dock.

CHAPTER VIII.—Sam Has the Surprise of His Life.

Sam said nothing to Captain Cox about his adventure in Central Park. He merely said that he had spent the afternoon there and had had a good time. He helped get supper as usual, and after things had been cleaned up the captain took him to a show at one of the Brooklyn theatres. They returned about eleven and went to bed. Sam turned out long before the captain was stirring, and almost the first thing he did was to find out whether the submerged package was still under the bows. He found that it was. He wondered how long it was going to remain there. The yacht couldn't get under way till it had been taken aboard, and it certainly would not be abandoned if it was as valuable as he suspected it was. Sam kicked himself for his lack of nerve in facing the police, and assured himself that he would act Monday as soon as he got away from the office. The Sunday paper which he bought near the bridge had the news that the six persons whose homes had been robbed had met and agreed to pay a reward of \$30,000 for information leading to the capture of the burglars and the recovery of the property stolen, which footed up a combined value of \$100,000.

"I wonder if I would get the reward if Mr. Wise proved to be the robber?" he asked himself. "It's a big inducement for me to tell what I know. Yes, I'll screw up my courage and call on the police Monday. I hate to get Captain Cox in trouble, but he has no business to be mixed up in such kind of business."

As the captain showed no signs of turning out at eight o'clock, and Sam felt hungry, he went and got his breakfast at a restaurant. It was ten o'clock when Captain Cox issued from the cabin. Sam had the fire all ready to light. When the captain learned Sam had had his breakfast he confined his energies to his own, and it was soon over with. The boy then went off and took a general look at Brooklyn. He returned at noon. He and the captain patronized a restaurant for their dinner at once, after which the skipper proposed to take Sam to Prospect Park.

"I'd like to go with you, captain, but I've got an engagement for this afternoon in the city," said Sam.

"Made an acquaintance in Wall Street?" said Cox, in some surprise.

"Well, yes, I got acquainted with the boy in the office next to Mr. Wise's."

"Are you going to meet him?"

"No. I met a young lady in the park yesterday and she invited me to call on her this afternoon."

The captain laughed. He supposed it was some ordinary young lady who lived in a cheap flat in the vicinity of the park.

"How came you to make her acquaintance?"

"Well, she got into a little difficulty, and I helped her out of it."

"Think you can find her house?"

"Sure. All I had to do is to take an elevated train at the bridge entrance and go up to Sixty-seventh street station, and then walk three or four blocks."

The captain did not question him further concerning the young lady he was going to call on, and in a little while Sam started off to pay his visit at the Caldwell home, little dreaming what it was going to lead to. When the young lady had introduced herself to him as Natalie Caldwell, the last name had a familiar ring to him, as if he had lately seen it somewhere. He did not try very hard to figure the matter out, as he was more interested in the charming girl herself than in the name, and the matter slipped his mind till he looked at her card again as he was riding on the elevated train. Then he tried to think where he had seen the name of Caldwell before. The solution of the riddle appeared to be on the tip of his tongue, as it were, several times, and yet it always eluded him. Finally he gave it up and fell to thinking how he would be received at the young lady's home.

He judged that the Caldwells must be very nice people, for Miss Natalie had shown every evidence of refinement. As he approached the block in which the number was, he saw that it was a pretty swell neighborhood. He found the number over the door of a handsome four-story brownstone house, and he hesitated to mount the steps to the stoop, for he felt that his personal appearance was somewhat at a discount for such an establishment. The recollection of Miss Natalie's lovely dark eyes bolstered up his courage, and, taking the bull by the horns, he ran up the steps and rang the bell, fearing that if he considered the matter he would back out as he had done in front of the Police Headquarters. Several minutes elapsed, and he was about to

ring again when the door was noiselessly opened by a prim-looking maid.

"I should like to see Miss Natalie Caldwell," he said:

The maid looked him over doubtfully, and then said:

"Let me have your card, please, and I will see if Miss Caldwell is at home."

"I haven't any card. My name is Sam Story. She asked me to call between three and five to-day."

Then the maid recollected that her young mistress had told her that a young man would call between those hours, and that he was to be shown into the parlor.

"Walk in," said the maid, and opening a door she ushered Sam into a large and elegantly furnished room, which was somewhat dark because the inside blinds were closed.

Leaving the door open the maid went upstairs. In a few minutes she came back and told Sam to follow her. She took him up to the private sitting-room on the second floor. There he was received by Miss Natalie in a charming house gown.

"It was awfully nice of you to come," she said.

"I always try to keep my promise," replied Sam, thinking how much prettier she looked than the day before in her somewhat disheveled state.

"You found your way here without much trouble, I hope?"

"I had no trouble at all."

In a few minutes Mrs. Caldwell came in, and Sam was presented to her. She thanked him for saving her daughter in the park, and that the obligation was one they would never forget. After remaining an hour, Sam said he guessed it was time to go. Mrs. Caldwell, however, asked him to remain to tea, and meet her husband, whom she expected any minute, so Sam stayed, and fifteen minutes later Mr. Caldwell came in, and the young Westerner made his acquaintance. Shortly afterward tea was announced, and they all went down to the ground floor where the dining-room was. When they returned to the sitting-room, Mr. Caldwell invited Sam into his library, and asked him if he smoked.

"No, sir," replied the boy.

The Wall Street man lighted a weed, and questioned Sam about his home and his family. The boy spoke quite freely about his father and mother, brothers and sisters, the big wheat farm his father owned, the village a couple of miles away, and so forth. He said nothing about having ran away from home, and the broker gathered the impression that Sam had come East to see the metropolis of the country, and would soon return. He was surprised when the boy told him he was working for Henry Wise, in Wall Street.

"Mr. Wise is a friend of mine," said Mr. Caldwell. "How came you to secure employment with him?"

Sam told him just how he got the position. The broker was clearly surprised at the way Wise had hired him, as it was altogether contrary to precedent. He was still more surprised when Sam told him he was living on Wise's yacht.

"This is the first I've heard about Mr. Wise having a yacht. He never told me that he had one," said the broker. "I suppose you find your work easy at the office, as Mr. Wise is more of a speculator than anything else?"

"Yes, sir, there isn't much to do there. I've only gone on one errand during the three days I've worked for him. How long have you known Mr. Wise?"

"About a year, I think."

"Think he's a reliable and honest man?"

"Why, of course I do," replied the broker in surprise.

"I hope he is, but I've seen things that have aroused my suspicions."

Mr. Caldwell stared at Sam. This was a curious statement for a boy to make about his employer. The broker didn't like to hear it coming from Sam.

"May I ask what things you refer to?" he said.

"You know that papers have been printing a lot about a robbery that happened somewhere on this street, I think," began Sam.

The broker took his cigar from his mouth and looked hard at Sam.

"Yes, I ought to know something about it," he said.

"The police think that the party who committed that robbery was responsible for five similar burglaries."

"I think there is little doubt about it."

"They have a suspicion that the man reported to have been seen walking out on the Seventy-second street wharf, with a suit-case in his hand, at about three o'clock on the morning this last burglary was pulled off, is the guilty party."

"I think he was one of the crooks."

"The police believe he made his escape in a small sloop that was waiting for him at the wharf."

"As the officer on that beat could not find any trace of the man after he went out on the wharf, and as he says he saw a sloop sailing away from that locality in the darkness, I guess their belief is founded on fact."

"Having stated that much, Mr. Caldwell, I will tell you what I have passed through since I've been in the city," said Sam, who then told the gentlemen all about the movements of Mr. Wise and his yacht on the first night he (Sam) was aboard of her.

To say that the broker was astonished would but faintly express his sentiments.

Sam then told him about the heavy bundle that was sunk in the river under the yacht's bow, and also what he saw seen of the contents of one of Mr. Wise's safes on the afternoon before when he returned to the office, found the door locked, and with the help of his friend, Bob Brown, had looked over the fanlight.

"I don't like the looks of all this, sir, since reading about the robbery that happened early Friday morning. I can't help thinking that there is some connection between the trip our sloop made up the river on that occasion and the burglary. It has worried me a great deal. I don't know what wharf we stopped at for at least two hours, but if the man the officer saw with the suit-case as Mr. Wise, then the wharf was Sev-

enty-second street. I am sure he came on board in a hurry with a suit-case he carried away immediately after we made fast to the wharf, and that the sloop made sail at once. I was not called upon to assist, though I had been routed out twice before to help let go the mooring lines in the first place, and fasten them to the up-town wharf in the second place. Now that I have told you everything, I want your advice as to whether I had better go to the police or not. I'm afraid it is likely to get me in trouble, for if Mr. Wise and his yacht were engaged in that robbery, I will be looked upon as an accomplice, and I assure you that I am innocent of any intent to engage in wrongdoing. The fact that I haven't a friend in the city, unless you will stand by me, would make matters all the worse for me," concluded Sam.

Mr. Caldwell had held himself in check with some difficulty while Sam was telling his story. The boy noticed a suppressed excitement in his manner, but did not dream what it meant.

"Story," said the broker, "you seem to be thoroughly familiar with the robbery in question, and yet, though you say you have read everything printed about it in the newspaper, you appear to be ignorant of the name of the gentleman whose house was robbed, or for some reason you have refrained from mentioning it."

Sam scratched his chin in a puzzled way a moment.

"Why—it's Caldwell, the same as yours," he cried, suddenly. "I knew I had seen or heard the name somewhere when Miss Natalie told me her name."

"Yes, it was Caldwell, and I am the person who was robbed."

"You!" gasped Sam, with staring eyes.

This announcement was the surprise of his life.

CHAPTER IX.—Sam Gets in on the Market.

"Yes," replied Mr. Caldwell. "You have told me a most extraordinary story, but I see no reason to doubt its truthfulness. I am glad you have told it to me before going to the police, for the authorities would certainly have taken you into custody as a very important witness, and you would have been sent to the House of Detention to remain for weeks, probably until your testimony was wanted. As it is, you will still be the keynote of the situation, but as I and my family are under great obligation to you, I will go bail for your appearance when wanted. How are you off for money?"

"I have \$10.60, including my lucky dollar, sir."

"Is that all?" said the broker, in surprise.

"That's all."

"How came you to land in this city with so little money? Were you robbed on your way?"

"No, sir. I suppose I'll have to tell the truth—I ran away from the farm."

"You ran away from home!" cried Mr. Caldwell.

"Yes, sir."

"What induced you to do that?"

"I heard that most of the money in the country was in Wall Street, and that everybody made

fortunes speculating there, so I decided to try my luck and show my folks that I could do a whole lot better on my own hook than by putting in my time running a reaper in summer, and doing chores in winter, when I wasn't riding around in our motor car," said Sam, frankly.

Mr. Caldwell smiled.

"But how did you expect to make money speculating in Wall Street when you brought no capital with you to operate with?"

"I intended to get a position in Wall Street and save enough out of my wages to make a start. Mr. Wise is paying me \$10, and boards and lodges me aboard of the yacht. I could save most of the \$10; but I suppose that will never happen now if Mr. Wise is proved to be a burglar."

"My young friend, you couldn't have done a more foolish thing than to leave your home for Wall Street, expecting to make a fortune there by speculating. Had you brought a few hundred dollars with you to test the matter you would have lost every dollar in short order. Only people with resources, possessing a full and fairly accurate knowledge of the market, who can buy and sell on the only safe plan—purchasing a stock outright for cash, and selling only what they own and can deliver—have a fighting chance in Wall Street. Those who operate otherwise—with insufficient funds and on margin—can expect but temporary success at the best, and complete ruin if they persist in tempting following the game of chance. However, we are wasting time. I will talk to your father on the subject some other time. Since you have little money, and I shall be responsible for your appearance in court, you will accept the hospitality of my home till further notice. Should your testimony result, as I think it will, in bringing the burglar and his accomplice, Captain Cox, to justice, and the recovery of the bulk of the stolen property, your reward will be greater by far than any success your foolish fancies led you to dream of accomplishing in Wall Street. A reward of \$30,000 has been offered, and you are in line to win it. Come, we will now go to Police Headquarters. Say nothing to my wife and daughter about what has transpired here between us until after the newspapers have apprised them of all the particulars."

Mr. Caldwell threw the end of his cigar in the cuspidor and they returned to the sitting-room, where they found Miss Natalie very much put out because her father had detained her visitor so long in his library. Her displeasure was more apparent when she found that Sam was going out with her father at once.

"I think this a shame, father, to take my company away from me," she said, with some indignation in her tone. "I expected——"

"Don't worry, Natalie, I am going to bring him back," replied her father.

"But it is nearly eight o'clock now."

"True, and it may be ten before we get back; but you can have him all day to-morrow, if you want to, and you will see him as often as you wish, for he is going to stay with us for some little time."

"He is!" cried Natalie, hardly believing her

ears, while her mother looked her surprise at the announcement.

"Yes, my dear, and you will understand the reason to-morrow."

Natalie wasn't worrying to know the reason. It was enough for her to know that Sam was to be their guest for a while. She became all smiles and good humor at once, and offered no further objection to Sam's departure with her father, though after they were gone she and her mother wondered where husband and father had taken the young Westerner, and remarked that their faces indicated that they were bent on some important mission. The broker and Sam walked as far as one of the big hotels on the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, and there they got a taxicab and were driven to the headquarters of the police.

The chief of detectives was in his office, and when Mr. Caldwell sent in his name, he and the boy were admitted at once. To him Sam told his story, exactly as he had detailed it to the broker, and the officer lifted his eyes several times during the recital. He was accustomed to hear singular tales, but this one capped anything that heretofore came under his attention. He questioned Sam closely, and finally conferred with Mr. Caldwell. The upshot was that two detectives were called in. To them Sam said that the name of the sloop-yacht was the "Neptune," that she was moored at the second dock from the Brooklyn Bridge to the north, and that the sunken package, if it had not been removed since he left the yacht at half-past two, would be found attached by a cord to a small ring just below the water-line at the sloop's bow. The detectives received their orders and departed.

"Now, young man, as you are a stranger in the city, I will have to send you to the House of Detention for Witnesses," said the chief, brusquely.

Sam looked startled, but his feelings were relieved when Mr. Caldwell interfered and said he would assume responsibility for the boy, who he said was stopping at his home as his guest.

"Very well, Mr. Caldwell, as you are a responsible man, as well as one of the victims in this case, I will accept your word. You understand that there are five other persons interested in this matter, and that something over \$100,000 worth of property is involved," said the chief. "The boy is paroled in your charge."

So the broker and Sam returned to the Caldwell home in time for Natalie and the boy to have a short tete-a-tete before they retired for the night. Sam was the first of the family to get downstairs in the morning. He asked the maid if the morning paper had come.

"Yes. I will get it for you," she said.

He carried it to the sitting-room and opened it up. On the first page in big type he read:

"A New Raffles Rounded Up."

"The Capture of an Amateur Cracksman Lets Light in Upon the Six Recent Burglaries in High Life."

"The Evidence Furnished by a Smart Boy."

"A Borrowed Sloop-yacht and a Wall Street Office the Salient Features of a Criminal Mystery Which Has Puzzled the Police."

Then followed the graphic story of the ex-

posure and captain of Henry Wise, a Wall Street speculator, and his accomplice, Captain Bentley Cox. Full credit was given Sam Story for his part in the clearing up of the affair, but the minor particulars relating to himself were not printed because the reporters did not get hold of him. When the facts appeared on the blotter at Headquarters, after the arrest of Wise and Cox, and the recovery of the submerged waterproof box, the reporters assigned on the case got busy, but they were unable to find out where young Story lived. The police were dumb on the matter, and the impression prevailed that the boy was held at the House of Detention. However, the reporters could not get next to Sam, and so they were unable to print many interesting particulars they might otherwise have wormed out of the boy. Sam had read every word of the story when Mr. Caldwell appeared.

"It's all in the paper," he said to the broker.

That gentleman took the paper to read it. Presently Natalie appeared, and then her mother. Breakfast was announced, and the family went to it. Sam decided that he would like to go down to Wall Street, whereat Natalie protested.

"I'll come back right after lunch," he said.

"Come back to lunch. It is served at one," said the girl.

"All right," agreed Sam.

He accompanied the broker down to the financial district, going direct to Mr. Caldwell's office. That gentleman handed him \$100 and told him to use it having a good time. The first thing Sam did was to go to the tenth floor of the Atlas Building. He found Wise's office in charge of a detective. He talked a while with the sleuth and then made a bee-line for the little bank on Nassau street. He wanted to see how people speculated. He found the room full of visitors and took his seat beside a white-haired man. He soon got into conversation with the old man, who proved to be an experienced speculator, and a moderately successful one. Sam was in his element talking to him and watching the blackboard. There was some excitement in the room over the rise in A. & B.. A lot of speculators were getting in on it. The white-headed man told Sam he had bought 100 shares on margin, and expected to double his money.

"It's sure to go up ten or twelve points in the course of the week," he said.

"Could I buy some of it for \$100?" asked Sam.

"You could get ten shares and you'd easily make \$100."

"Where do I go to buy it?"

"At that window yonder. Tell the clerk you want to buy ten shares of A. & A. at the market on a ten-point margin."

"Is everybody buying it on a ten-point margin?"

"No. Some are risking their money on a five-point margin. They get twice as much that way, but take a much bigger risk."

"If they win, do they make twice as much?"

"Oh, yes."

That settled it with Sam. If the stock was surely going up ten or twelve points, he intended to get as much of it as he could, so he bought 20 shares on a five-point margin at 75. By that time it was after twelve, so letting his deal take

care of itself, he went uptown and reached the Caldwell home in time for lunch.

Sam spent the afternoon with Natalie. Nothing was said about his stock by Sam. Sam learned by the papers that the five people who had been robbed had received their property. Sam went to court the next morning and met the five gentlemen who had been robbed. In the meantime Mr. Caldwell had written to Sam's father, telling him where he was and that he would look after him. Next day Sam went down to the little bank to look after his stock. There he met the old man again. Sam told him about his lucky dollar and all connected with it. Sam had told Mr. Caldwell about his stock deal, and that gentleman told Sam that if he made as much as \$400 out of his deal he would give him a check for \$10,000. Sam in the meantime had collected his \$30,000 reward and Mr. Caldwell had mailed a check to the nearest bank to Sam's father's home, depositing it in Sam's name. Natalie told Sam she hoped her father would have to pay Sam the \$10,000. Sam fell desperately in love with Natalie.

Sam told her he would have to go West after the trial of the burglars and asked Natalie if she would write him. He also asked her if he had a chance to win her. She told him he had already done so.

"Hooray for the silver dollar!" cried Sam, grabbing her in his arms and kissing her.

CHAPTER X.—Sam's Luck in the Market.

Next day Sam and his white-haired friend collected their money. The young Westerner was picking up points about the market fast from his new acquaintance, who, seeing his eagerness on the subject, was continually posting him. The boom in A. & B. had hardly petered out when another started in L. & D. Sam bought 40 shares at 92 on a ten per cent margin this time, and the old man went in, too. Saturday morning the stock was up to par, but the experienced old speculator detected signs of weakness that induced him to sell out, and Sam followed his example, making about \$300 profit. The stock closed at 100 1-8. Sam devoted the whole of Sunday to Natalie, and if her parents noticed the growing intimacy between the two they took no notice of it.

They certainly did not suspect that matters had already ripened into love with the young people. On Monday morning L. & D. went to smash. As Sam had told Mr. Caldwell that he had put all his funds into the stock on margin, the broker smiled grimly when he saw the sudden slump, and concluded Sam had reached his finish with his second deal. The boy walked into his office about three in a free-and-easy way. L. & D. was then down to 81.

"How is that deal of yours getting on, Sam?" grinned the broker.

"Oh, I cleaned that up Saturday morning and made \$300," replied the boy.

"The dickens you did," said the trader, in surprise. "I thought you had got caught in the shuffle."

"Don't worry about me getting caught in the shuffle as long as I have the coin that brings

me luck, Mr. Caldwell," replied Sam, complacently.

"If that coin has the power to carry you through the rocks and shoals of Wall Street speculation, I will allow that either the dollar is really lucky, in some way, or you were born lucky, which seems the more reasonable supposition of the two."

"I wasn't particularly lucky out West on the farm."

"I don't know. I think you can consider yourself fortunate in having a father who owns 3,000 acres of good wheat land."

"That's all right, but I had to drive a reaper in harvesting time just the same because the governor said I could do it as well as any man he ever had on the place, and my services didn't cost him anything. That's why I ran away."

The broker laughed.

"I suppose you won't drive a reaper any more?"

"I don't know. Having proved that I amount to something I'd just as soon help the governor out as not. I might offer to buy a half interest in the farm."

"A good idea," said Caldwell, who figured that would prevent the boy from returning to Wall Street to speculate.

"Or I might buy all his wheat for this year on speculation, and hold it for a good profit."

"The speculative bug seems to have stung you."

"My lucky coin would pull me through in great shape."

"Does your father sell his wheat in the ear to speculators?"

"He has done so, and the price always went up above what he got for it."

"The speculator has the expense of harvesting it himself and shipping it to market, doesn't he?"

"Sure. A syndicate bought up all the wheat to speak of in the county two years ago, harvested it at the proper time and shipped it to the elevators in Chicago. They held it there until the price went up as high as they thought it would go, and then sold it."

"Would it pay to buy up just your father's crop, go through all the expense and trouble of getting it to market, and pay elevator charges for an indefinite time?"

"If you were lucky it would, otherwise you might lose money."

At that moment a caller was announced and Sam took his leave. When he got outside he met his friend Bob Brown.

"Hello, Silver Dollar Sam. Haven't seen you since that Saturday when you collected evidence against your boss. Gee! but I was surprised when I read the paper on Monday morning. Your name was printed as the chap who exposed the burglaries that mystified the whole city for a month or two past. The papers say you will collar the \$30,000 reward."

"I've collared it."

"My gracious! You're lucky!"

"Sure I am. Don't you remember what I told you about the coin that was to bring me luck? You dubbed me Silver Dollar Sam yourself."

"That coin must be lucky. Wish I could find one."

"I'll bet you do. Those coins don't come to every one. Probably that was the only lucky one in the whole package the man carried. It recognized me as its rightful owner, jumped out and ran to meet me."

"I never believed in such things before, but I'll have to after this. I suppose you wouldn't loan it to me for a while?"

"I wouldn't part with for a bank. I've made \$700 out of it in the stock market already, and expect to make a lot more."

"Holy smoke! You must be out for a million."

"No, I'm not thinking of so much as that, but I might be worth that much before I die. When you possess a coin that brings you luck there is no limit to your earning capacity."

"I suppose if you're worth \$700, with \$30,000 in prospect, you won't work for anybody any more."

"Why should I work for anybody when I can do ever so much better on my own hook? Tell me that."

"That's right. You ought to open an office and take me in with you as junior partner."

"I don't need an office. I hang out at the little bank. How are you off for cash?"

"Never have more than enough to pay my carfare and a ten-cent lunch."

"Well, here's a \$5 bill. Blow yourself to a good time."

"Thanks, you're a brick."

"Don't mention it. Good-by. I'm off to the little bank."

Sam heard that afternoon that copper stocks were stiffening in price, as a rise was looked for. He bought a couple of financial papers and read them over to see if there was anything in them about the copper situation. One had an editorial which suggested that now was a good time to buy any good copper stock, as prices were almost certain to go up. Next morning Sam called on a Curb broker and bought 100 shares of Idaho Copper at \$7, paying for it outright. This took all of his money. When he got the certificates next day he took them around to Mr. Caldwell's office and showed them to him.

"That's the only right way to buy stocks, Sam," he said. "Pay for it and then you own it. If the price goes down for any reason your shares are safe. It takes a bunch of money to operate that way when you buy a high grade stock, but you are speculating legitimately. Buying and selling securities on margin is a pure gamble, with the chances all against you."

"Will you keep this certificate for me till I want to sell it?"

"Certainly. I'll put it in my private safe. I think you'll make something out of it, for the tendency of copper is to go up."

A week later all copper stocks had gone up more or less. Sam found he could sell his Idaho for \$12. Broker Caldwell advised him to let it go, as that was a good price for the stock. Sam took the certificate to a Curb broker recommended by Mr. Caldwell, and that party sold it right away for \$12.50 a share. That gave the boy a profit of \$500 and made him worth \$1,200. As soon as he got the money he bought 100 shares of O. & H. at 85 at the little bank, and

sold them next day at 91 3/8, clearing \$300. That evening he received word that he would be required to make his appearance before the Grand Jury in the burglary matter on the following Monday.

Before Monday arrived he and his white-haired friend had gone into L. & M. at 92, Sam going the whole hog on 150 shares. Sam duly testified before the Grand Jury, and indictments were found against Henry Wise and Captain Cox.

Mr. Caldwell told Sam he had written his father stating he would look out for him (Sam) and told the youth he could make his home with him until he concluded to go back to the farm.

"But I don't want to go home, and I don't care to sponge on you any longer," protested Sam.

"I don't consider you are sponging on me, Sam. We are under a great obligation to you, and we can't do too much for you."

"That's all right, but I don't think it's right to live indefinitely at your house."

The argument was continued that evening in the sitting-room, Mrs. Caldwell declaring in favor of Sam remaining.

Of course, Natalie didn't want him to leave, and told him so in unmistakable terms. Sam offered to compromise if they'd let him pay his board, but they wouldn't hear to that. The boy had really made himself popular in the house by his breezy ways, and the broker found himself wishing he had a son like him. When Sam found that they really wanted him to remain as long as he stayed in New York, he gave in. Next day he sold his L. & M. at an advance of nine and a half points, and found himself worth \$3,000 independent of the reward.

CHAPTER XI.—Conclusion.

A week later, while Sam was in Mr. Caldwell's reception-room reading a paper, three brokers came in. The broker was engaged and they had to wait. They walked over to the window and began talking among themselves about the object to their visit, which was to induce Mr. Caldwell to join them in a pool to buy a block of C. & D. stock. Sam overheard that and also that they had been tipped off to the fact that a big syndicate was behind C. & D., and that a rise of 15 or 20 points might confidently be expected. After they had gone in to see Mr. Caldwell, Sam started for the little bank and bought 300 shares of C. & D. at 85. Next day he tipped the white-haired man off to the good thing, and he went in also. A few days afterward C. & D. advanced three points, and at dinner that night Sam asked Mr. Caldwell what he thought of the stock.

"Why, are you thinking of buying it?"

"I have bought some of it."

"How came you to pitch on it?"

"Heard some brokers say it was going up."

"Well, I think it will be safe for you to hold on for a ten-point advance."

"You think it will boom, then?"

"I think it is likely to."

Three days afterward it was up to 95 and a

fraction. That was Saturday, and the Exchange closed at noon. Sam and Bob Brown had arranged to go to Staten Island, and after a lunch they took the boat across. There were a number of autos aboard, ranged behind one another, with business wagons filling up the space on the other side. The last auto held four men and had its cover up. Sam had got separated from Bob and was standing behind the machine when the conversation that reached his ear told him the men were bear brokers, and that they were in a combine which was going to jump on C. & D. some time Monday and break the price. They seemed confident of their ability to win out.

Naturally, Sam was interested, for he had all his money up on the stock. He also believed that Mr. Caldwell was financially interested in it. He listened eagerly to such details of the bear raid as were discussed, but had not heard all when the boat reached her slip. The vehicles began to move, and Sam hurried away to find Bob. He got to the house late for dinner, but the cook had kept his warm in the oven for him. He sent her in a dollar bill in appreciation thereof, and that made him more solid with her than ever. Sam wanted to see Mr. Caldwell, but he had gone to his club, so the information he had for the gentleman had to keep for next day. After breakfast next morning Sam told the broker he would like to see him privately.

"Come into the library," said Mr. Caldwell.

"I have some news for you, Mr. Caldwell! that is, if you are interested in C. & D., and I imagine you are," said the boy as soon as they were seated.

"What makes you think I am interested in that stock?" asked the broker.

"You told me the other evening that it was safe for a ten-point rise. If you thought so, it is my opinion you would get in on the stock," said Sam, who, of course, did not care to mention a better reason he had.

"Well, what about C. & D.? What have you heard about it?" said the broker, in no way disturbed.

Then Sam told him when he had overheard the bear brokers say in the auto on the Staten Island boat. Mr. Caldwell became all attention at once. He questioned the boy closely, but Sam had little more to tell him.

"You have some of the stock yourself," he said.

"Yes, sir. Three hundred shares, and I'm going to sell it the first thing Monday morning."

"I think you had better. I'm much obliged to you for tipping me off. It is quite possible that your information is correct."

"It's what they said. And they talked as if they meant business."

That afternoon Mr. Caldwell called on one of the members of the pool in which he was interested to the tune of \$100,000. A sudden break in the market meant trouble and probable loss to them. He told the gentlemen what he had heard, and how the news came to him. The other agreed that it was worthy of acting upon.

They both called on another member of the pool. Then it was resolved to call a meeting that evening, and the other members were communicated with and asked to call at the Caldwell house at eight o'clock. Sam was out walking with Na-

talie at the time. When they came in Sam was summoned before the meeting and asked to tell all he had heard, and describe, if he could, the looks of the men in the auto. He told his story and gave a pretty accurate description of two of the men. They were identified as big bull operators, and the members of the pool no longer had any doubt what they ought to do without any unnecessary delay.

Next morning Sam ordered his stock sold as soon as the Exchange opened. He told the old man to sell his at once, explaining that he had good reasons for believing that the stock would be raided that morning. Nothing happened until noon, by which time the members of the pool had sold out, and Sam was also on the same side. Then the bears jumped on C. & D. by selling short right and left. As they had a raft of money at their back, they made things lively for the syndicate. The fight continued for an hour, and then the syndicate reached the end of its resources and had to give in. A sort of small panic ensued, and prices were slaughtered all around. C. & D. was driven down to 79.

Sam judged that this was a good time to buy, but he did not know what to get in on. Besides, his deal had not been settled yet, and he was unaware that the little bank would have advanced him money pending the settlement. When he got his money he bought 500 M. & N. at 87. In a few days it went up to 90 and stopped there. The market was slow and there was little movement in stocks. So he ordered the stock sold, and it went at 90 3-8. That added \$1,500 more to his profits. On Saturday evening Mr. Caldwell called him into his library and handed him a certified check for \$10,000, made out to his order.

"This is a gift from the gentlemen, including myself, you met here last Sunday evening. By tipping me off to what you had learned on the Staten Island boat you saved us from a considerable loss, so we agreed that it would be a grateful act on our part to present you with a small token of our appreciation; hence the check."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Sam, whose capital jumped at once to \$7,500. "That lucky dollar of mine is working overtime."

By this time Sam could go anywhere about the city without fear of losing himself. About the only part of New York he had not ventured into was the East Side below Fourteenth, and bounded by the Bowery mainly. One evening he and Bob came down to see a show at the Academy of Music on East Fourteenth street. The performance was over at a quarter past eleven. As they came out on the street Sam saw a cheap crook snatch away a lady's silver mesh handbag and start on the run for Third avenue. Sam was after him like a shot, but the rascal was a good runner, and led him off Fourteenth street beyond the elevated into a side street, from which he darted into an alley, and thence through a rear door into a building of doubtful character. Sam, with more luck than prudence, followed him in and, spotting the rascal, stepped up to him and demanded the return of the bag.

In another moment Sam was surrounded by a bunch of toughs, hustled into a back room, and while he was held down on a table, his pockets

were cleaned out of a few dollars, and his watch and chain and gold studs taken. He did not have his lucky dollar with him, or that would have gone, too. When they had finished plucking him, they gagged him with a towel, tied his arms behind his back, and shoved him into a roomy closet, until later, when they intended to take him a couple of blocks away and leave him in a narrow, vacant lot.

Half an hour later the toughs brought a stranger into the room. They had picked him up on Fourteenth street, looking for Broadway. Promising to escort him to Broadway, they induced him to come with them, and in a short time they got him into the disreputable establishment. Their object, of course, was to rob him, but they proceeded differently than they did with Sam. They told him they had brought him there to stand treat before they took him over to Broadway. The man, who looked like a Westener, was willing to pay for the round of drinks, and the liquor was brought in. The glass that was pushed toward the stranger was drugged, and he had barely swallowed the whisky when the dope began to take effect on him.

In ten minutes he was dead to the world, and one of the rascals then started to go through his clothes. He pulled out a fat pocketbook which proved to be full of bills, and a chorus of satisfaction went up from the crowd. At that moment the waiter stuck his head in at the door and told them that a detective was in the outer room, and that he was looking for one of them. That produced a panic among them, for each one of them believed he was the one wanted.

"Put out the gas, open the winder and dump this fellow into the alley," said the fellow with the fat pocketbook, stuffing it into his sack coat pocket. "Turn the key in the door, Pete."

The speaker and two others lifted the doped man and carried him to the side of the room where the window was. As they passed the closet the gas went out just as the closet door opened a bit, and a hand pulled the wallet out of the tough's hand. The hand belonged to Sam, who had witnessed all that had taken place. During the hour he had been alone in the closet he had managed to free himself of his bonds and the gag, and was on the point of essaying to make his escape when the crowd came into the room with the stranger.

He slipped over to the door, turned the key, and let himself out into the small entry, between the room and the bar-room. He made for the door that communicated with the alley, got out and was presently on the ill-lighted, narrow street. Here he was completely at sea, for the neighborhood was strange to him, but turning in the direction he believed Fourteenth street, lay, he started off at a brisk walk. Fortunately, he had taken the right direction, and soon reached Fourteenth street. Although he was not certain he was on that street, he turned to the left and presently saw the illuminated station of the Third avenue elevated road, and then he knew where he was.

When he reached the avenue he saw a policeman, told him what had happened to him, and the stranger in the house, the location of which he

indicated well enough for the officer to recognize it as a bad joint. Giving his name and address, he took a train uptown to Sixty-seventh street, and reached the Caldwell house without further incident. It was two o'clock and everybody had retired long since. Reaching his room, he examined the pocketbook before going to bed, and found there was close to \$1,000 in bills in it. He reported his adventure in the morning at the breakfast table, and Natalie had a fit at the thought of his narrow escape.

On his way downtown he called at Police Headquarters, told his story and turned in the pocketbook. He learned that the man had been found in the alley and sent to the nearest hospital. The toughs, however, were not rounded up for several days, but Sam did not get his stolen property back. The stranger called on him at the Caldwell house to thank him for saving his money, and presented him with \$100, which Sam used to buy a new watch and cuff buttons.

Two weeks later the trial of Wise and Captain Cox came on, and Sam was the chief witness against them. They were convicted and sent away, Wise getting fifteen years and Cox five. A reporter got hold of many heretofore unpublished incidents in Sam's brief New York career through Bob Brown, chief among which was the lucky silver dollar. The result was a story under the caption of "Silver Dollar Sam." It contained many exaggerations, but served to bring Sam out into the newspaper limelight in a way that attracted a great deal of attention. He was credited with having made \$50,000 in the stock market through lucky speculations which were fostered by the silver dollar which he always carried as a pocket piece.

To all this was added his exploit of exposing the six mysterious robberies and bringing the gentlemanly Raffles to justice. Sam marked the story and sent the paper to his father, and the reading of it caused another sensation under the family rooftree. As summer was coming on, and the market was getting slack, Sam decided to go home. He had a tearful parting from Natalie, but he assured her he would return at Christmas and stay in the city all winter, as he wasn't through with Wall Street yet by a good deal as long as he still possessed the coin that brought him luck.

Next week's issue will contain "BOUND TO MAKE HIS MARK; OR, RUNNING A MOVING PICTURE SHOW."

Send us a one-cent stamp to cover postage, and we will mail you a copy of "Moving Picture Stories."

"Now, Arthur," said his father, "you've been going to school long enough to write decently. Don't you know how to write a figure three?" "Sure," said the boy; "you put the pencil on the paper and then shiver."

CURRENT NEWS

VICIOUS SQUIRREL

A vicious squirrel is roaming the woods near Anderson, S. C., seeking whom he may devour.

The word of Frank Stone, motorman for the street car company there, was given for the truth of the statement.

Stone, going happily along to his work, taking no more than the usual precautions against attack by squirrels, was set upon by the animal, which fastened its teeth in Stone's right ear and enjoyed a nice breakfast. Stone sought to brush the squirrel away with his hand, whereupon the animal countered with a raid on his fingers, chewing several of them.

Stone dashed to Police Headquarters and reported his experiences, but the police don't know what to do about it except to go hunting. They suspect the squirrel had rabies.

PRE-HISTORIC ALTAR FOUND.

Warren K. Moorehead, archaeologist of Phillips Academy, Anover, Mass., has unearthed three cemeteries, 52 skeletons, 23 funeral urns and countless small art objects of pre-historic residents of this section in the Cahokia mounds near East St. Louis, Mo., he announced to-day. Professor Moorehead is doing research work under direction of the University of Illinois.

This discovery tends to substantiate the theory

that the mounds are of human construction rather than natural hills, it is said. At the base of one mound a large altar was found. Professor Moorehead explained that it was customary for the "mound builders" in other sections of the Mississippi Valley to cover the altars, after they had served their usefulness, to great heights, and hence the mounds.

Testimony of an effort to smelt lead was found in one mound the professor explained. A smelter of baked clay, in the form of a semi-circle, was discovered and beside it chunks of lead. Near it was a vessel in the shape of a modern chemist's crucible.

WANT TO EARN \$5,000?

A prize of \$5,000 is offered by Frank J. D. Barnjum of Montreal for a practical method to suppress the spruce bud worm, bark beetle and borer which have caused tremendous damage in the forests of Eastern Canada and the United States. The Province of Quebec alone has suffered a loss during ten years of 150,000,000 cords of standing pulpwood by these pests, which represent a market value of pulpwood of \$3,000,000,000, or if manufactured into paper, of \$7,000,000,000. This wood is sufficient for forty-five years for newsprint for the North American Continent.

What Ten Cents Buys

WHEN you pick up a copy of "Mystery Magazine," did it ever occur to you that the 64 pages it contains cost the publisher about three thousand dollars for an edition? A lot of money just to amuse you, but it represents the best work of skillful story writers, the finest talent of special artists, and the combined labor of hundreds of compositors, proof-readers, electrotypers, stereotypers, book binders, color plate makers, photo-engravers, pressmen, feeders, mechanics, truckmen, clerks, railroad freightmen and an army of others too numerous to mention. See how important each copy is? Naturally we would not spend so much money on trash. That's why we are repeatedly asking you to get a copy and see what splendid novellettes, short stories and interesting articles it contains. Get a copy today from your newsdealer. If you want a sample copy cheap send us a cent to pay the postage and we'll mail you one.

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Daring Dan Dobson

— OR —

THE BOY WHO BEAT THE MOONSHINERS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"Why, this is a great haul," said the sheriff, "and just to think—if you hadn't followed that Matthews down the road and got lashed in the face by his gal, we'd a-been hopelessly here with cut or poisoned horses, and none the wiser about this material."

"Dan's a clever feller—if he is a kid," said old Zachary, admiringly.

The lad blushed to the roots of his hair.

"Now, don't tease me that way—any one with gumption would follow under the circumstances last night. So I just tried to use common sense."

That day, as soon as possible, the sheriff dispatched one of his deputies back to the town, with the prisoner, and a bag full of the valuable records of Newcastle's transactions and tricks.

Then the party hustled on, after a brief breakfast cooked for them by Tom Dingle, from the food supply on hand, at Matthews.

It was much like a war party, by this time, for they were all heavily armed, and a determined looking group of men.

They found the way, just as Matthews had described it to them, and they made the best time possible. Of course one of the men had stayed at Matthews's place with the horses, which could not be utilized with the hill climbing.

So, it was hard traveling at best.

By sunset they had passed through the clump of trees near to Newcastle's headquarters, although only Dan and Tom Dingle were at all sure of their location.

Even Tom, who had been one of Newcastle's men, had never known the existence of this secret trail, which was proof of its covert security.

"We had better just sit around and find out what is going on in the house there," said the sheriff. "What do you think about that, Dobson?"

"I agree with you. Then, after it is a little darker, Tom Dingle and I will slip down over the open stretch and get to the house, and scout about for information. A good deal might have happened since I was here last."

And Tom spoke truer than he believed, for a bitter day had been dealt out by fate to Judge Barton and his pretty daughter.

* * * * *

Jake Newcastle had set up the entire night, after his affair with the judge, nursing his wounded leg, and giving vent to his wounded feelings and vanity.

No stone had been left unturned in his versatile mind for the punishment in every possible way of this hated "Yankee."

And furthermore, Jake was more set than ever of marrying the pretty girl, for, as he said, between draughts of some of his own best liquor:

"Well, men, I reckon that Jake Newcastle is strong enough to have a wedding march, even with a game leg like this one."

His men flattered him, and toasted high to his success in love and money.

And at the end of a wakeful night, they set out to obey his fiendishly clever orders in every detail.

The judge and Beryl had a breakfast, but little appetite that next morning.

They were a nervous pair, although the father had a savage glint in his eye which read "beware."

"Have no anxiety, my child," he said. "I've had bad men to deal with long before this, and I am going to deal with them now as then—meet them at their own odds, and defeat them with their own weapons."

With which remark he brought forth a revolver which he had quietly bought for his daughter.

"Now, my dear girl, don't be alarmed. This will make you safer, for these people around here have no respect for any one, unless they are armed. Then they are polite and know their place."

The girl shrunk from the weapon at first.

But her father insisted on her taking it.

"Now, you just hold this—keeping it safe here, in your blouse, and handy—for you never can tell when you may need it. The chief law of the land and of civilization is the right for self-preservation."

"Oh, but, father, I hate to use it or think of pulling the trigger, with such a leaden messenger of death. You had me learn pistol-practice back home for fun, but when I think of this terrible place it makes everything seem different, indeed, and I feel as though I were as bad as some of these people."

Her father pointed to the weapon, with determination.

"Beryl, I shot Newcastle in the leg, as I would any wild jungle beast which threatened me or mine. To speak frankly, that man wants to make you his wife, willing or not. To defend yourself I command you to shoot him or any of his rascals, if need be, as you would a mad dog. This is no time to waste sympathy—for there is none of it in this wild country. I only wish I knew what had become of poor Dan Dobson."

"If you only did, father," she echoed, wistfully, and with tears in her eyes.

"Yes, it must be a punishment for me, under these circumstances, for the bad way in which I treated him at the start—it is a penalty that every man must pay."

Directly after breakfast the judge paid his reckoning and started out to mount the horses with his daughter.

(To be continued)

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

MUSKRAT TRAPPING NOW IN FULL SWING IN MANITOBA

Muskrat trapping is in full swing and a heavy catch is anticipated. Prices for rats remain high, although there has been a slump in the majority of fine furs. On account of an influenza epidemic among the Indians many of them have not been able to engage in the spring rat hunt, and it has been suggested that the closing of the season be extended two weeks in order to permit of the Indians participating in the hunt, the returns of which are their principal means of subsistence during the summer.

100-FOOT TURNTABLE.

A giant turntable, 100 feet in length, weighing 183,000 pounds, electrically operated and equipped with the latest safety devices, has been installed by the Southern Pacific Company at Ashland, Ore., to take care of the powerful new locomotives being placed in service on the road's mountain division.

Tom Darrow, construction foreman, established a record for railroad turntable erection by setting up the huge turntable in 10 hours 12 minutes without delay to power or traffic.

The turntable was built at a cost of about \$50,000.

SURGERY 3,000 YEARS OLD

Surgical operations of the most delicate nature have been performed for at least 3,000 years, according to an Egyptian papyrus which Dr. J. H. Breasted of the University of Chicago has been translating for more than a year. He expects to take two more years to complete the translation. Dr. Breasted presented his translation before the Chicago Medical Society recently.

According to Dr. Breasted, the papyrus describes the performance of such operations as trephining of the skull, draining of jaw ulcers and setting of fractures.

The papyrus, more than fifteen feet long, was purchased from an Egyptian in 1858 by Edwin Smith. His daughter presented it to the New York Historical Society after her father's death, and the society sent it to Dr. Breasted recently to be translated.

DOUBLE STARS

Many stars that appear single to the naked eye are found to consist of two stars close together when examined through a powerful telescope. They are called double stars, and several thousands have been observed by astronomers.

There are two classes of double stars. The first consists of those that only look double. These appear double because they are nearly in the same line of vision as seen from the earth, though they have no connection, and one star may be very much nearer to us than the other. The second class consists of those really double, or binary stars, where one star revolves about the other or where each revolves around the center of gravity

common to the pair, forming what is called a binary system.

Many double stars have been found to perform such a revolution. This is generally very slow, requiring centuries for its completion. A few binary stars, however, revolve so rapidly that a complete revolution has taken place since they were first observed. There are some whose period is less than a century.

The colors of double stars are superbly brilliant and varied. The components often shine in contrast colors, one being blue and the other yellow, or one being green and the other yellow. Sometimes the companions are purple and white or red and white, or both are white.

A few stars are known as naked-eye doubles. One is a small star in Lyra, near the bright Vega. A sharp-eyed observer may see it double, says the *Washington Star*. A low power of the telescope will separate it into two white stars wide apart. A high power will separate each of the two components into two stars. This tiny star is, therefore, a double double, forming a quadruple system.

A beautiful double star easy to find is Albireo. One of the components is of the third and the other of the fifth magnitude. The colors are golden yellow and sapphire blue.

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A STOWAWAY'S LUCK

By PAUL BRADDON

When I was eleven years old my mother died, and my father decided to go to Australia.

I was his only child, and he was by no means burdened with money.

He was a master plumber, and he set out for Sydney under contract.

Three years after our arrival he married again, and it was not six weeks before my stepmother pushed me into the street.

I was undersized and sickly, but I never gave her the slightest cause for even a harsh word.

She simply took an aversion to me, and somehow her hatred came to be reflected in my father.

He saw me thrown out on the world with hardly a protest, and two days later, when he met me in the street, he gave me about eight shillings in money and advised me to set up as a boot-black and newsboy.

I should probably have followed his suggestion had I not on that same day chanced to fall in with two or three lads who were planning to stow themselves away aboard of an English brig called the Charles H. Churchill.

They were boys who had run away from home or been thrown over, like myself, and the idea was that they could do better in England.

I was invited to join, and when our plans had been laid there were four of us about the same age. We looked the brig over, found that we could get aboard, and made our arrangements.

One night, when the brig was nearly ready for sea, I stole aboard, carrying with me about two quarts of water and four pounds of bread and meat. This was the share I was to furnish. I was to be first aboard, slip down the midship hatch, and the others were to follow at brief intervals. A fire on board a ship a few hundred feet away collected the crew of the brig aft, and I got aboard without risk.

The hold was nearly full of bags, barrels, and boxes, and after waiting a few minutes I made my way over these to the bow, and found a very comfortable place on a lot of dry hides. I remained awake and alert for two hours, and then fell asleep without realizing that I was a bit sleepy. It was morning when I awoke, and as the sailors were at work below, I dared not move or call out. I figured that my companions were in hiding around me, and so rested easy through the day, sleeping most of the time.

At about sundown I felt the ship under motion, and an hour later the hatches were closed and I was in midnight darkness.

I had matches and a stub of a candle, and, after striking a light, I moved around and whistled and called to my companions.

I could fake my way over the freight pretty easily in any direction, and I would not give up that I was alone until I had searched for a full hour.

Then I was positive I was alone; the others had either backed out or had been baffled in their attempt to get on board.

I was much upset at the discovery, and crawled back to my bed and cried myself to sleep.

It had been agreed among us boys that we should keep secreted three days after sailing.

None of us anticipated any trouble when we should make our presence known.

I had no way of computing time, as it was night all the time in the hold, but after my bread and water had been used up and I was hungry and thirsty, I decided that the three days were up.

Crawling to the cover of the hatch I knocked on it and shouted, and after a little it was opened and I was helped out.

It was nine o'clock on the morning of the fourth day.

The first word from the captain was an oath, and his first act was to swing me about the deck by the hair.

Then he called for a rope and beat me until I fainted away, and while lying unconscious he and the first mate kicked me several times.

When I came to I was ordered forward among the men.

They gave me kind words, satisfied my hunger and thirst, and hoped that the worst was over.

It was not, however.

At about noon I was called aft, and after the captain had interrogated me as to my identity and why I had selected his vessel, he gave me another beating, and turned me over to the mate with the words:

"You can have him now, and I hope you'll kill him before the week is out."

"Ay, sir, leave that to me," was the reply. "I'll find a dozen ways to make him wish he'd never been born."

I had committed an offense, but nothing deserving such punishment as I received for the next three days.

I was flogged, kicked, cuffed and maltreated in every way captain and mate could think of, and was more than once rendered insensible by their cruelty.

I heard the men cursing the officers for their conduct, and encouraging each other to interfere, but I was passive.

Indeed, after a beating or two I was so harried that I could scarcely remember my own name.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, soon after dinner, while I was forward with the watch and assisting the sailmaker to repair a sail, the first mate called me aft.

The wind was light and the sea smooth, and a few fathoms astern of the brig was an enormous shark.

It had occurred to the two brutes to have some fun with me. The mate noosed a rope and passed it around my waist, and then, while I struggled and shrieked and begged for mercy, he carried me to the port quarter and dropped me overboard for shark bait.

The shark made a rush for me, but I was hauled up just in advance of his jaws.

The captain and mate laughed uproariously, and the latter picked me up to drop me from the other quarter, when the entire crew came running aft.

I saw that much, and then fainted away, and what took place while I was unconscious was never clearly related to me.

The crew had determined to interfere, and their action excited the captain and mate to a terrible degree.

The former had a revolver in his pocket, and when the crew refused to go forward he fired at and wounded one of them. This brought on a fight, in which both officers and one of the sailors were killed.

It was rebellion—not mutiny.

The sole idea of the crew was to protect me from further cruelty.

In carrying this out murder was done, and all were liable to the gallows.

The dead bodies were lying on deck when I recovered consciousness, while the men had congregated in the waist of the brig for consultation.

The second mate, whose name was Chapman, had sympathized with the crew, although he had no hand in the fight. He was now asked to take command of the brig until it could be determined what should be done, and he did so. The three dead men were prepared for burial in the usual way, and launched over the side without service, and an hour after the fight not a trace of it was left.

When the question of what should be done came up for discussion most of the men were appalled at the seriousness of the case.

It was the first duty of the mate to set a signal of distress, but of course nothing of the sort was done.

Under the law he should head for the nearest port, and there surrender brig and crew, but of course he had no thought of this.

While he had not incited the crew to resistance, he had not come to the aid of the officers.

It would have been easy to prove his sympathy for me, and that would have made him the accessory of the crew.

It was realized that all had outlawed themselves, and the question was where to go and what to do with the brig.

It was finally decided to haul up for the Solomon Islands.

The brig was bound home through Torres Strait, as she had two ports to call to make before reaching the Cape of Good Hope, and we were not over 450 miles out of Sydney when the murders occurred.

We therefore had a voyage of quite 1,500 miles before us.

For the first week men could not have behaved more sensibly.

The discipline was good, and all were under proper restraint.

We were sighting vessels daily, and on several occasions we were passed so closely that we had to signal our number and report all well.

On the third day a man-of-war exchanged signals with us, and through some bungling on our part his suspicions seemed to have been aroused, and he would perhaps have boarded us had not a change in the weather occurred. After about a week, however, the men began to get independent, and to bring forward new plans, and there was no longer any harmony among the crew.

While Chapman was the only one who could navigate a ship, and while he had been put in charge of the brig, the men finally refused to do any work beyond that of sailing the craft.

Some openly advocated that we turn pirate, and others wanted to run into some port and sell the brig and cargo and divide the money.

This was hooted at by the more intelligent, and gave rise to further ill-feeling.

The brig had light or contrary winds, and made slow progress, and at the end of two weeks the situation on board could not have been much worse.

There were nine of us, including the cook, a black man, and each man of them seemed determined to do as he pleased.

All messed in the cabin, and all had access to the liquor, and as a consequence fights frequently occurred, and there were times when the brig had close shaves from being made a wreck.

On one occasion the men charged the mate with playing them false and with planning to deliver them up to justice, but he somehow satisfied them that he was holding the course originally agreed upon, and he was honest in what he said.

After a run of some twenty-five days he announced that we were approaching the Solomon Islands, and the men at once made ready to carry out their future plans.

One hundred miles southwest of San Christoval, which is the easternmost island of the group, is a smaller group called the Little Solomons.

It was this group we were approaching, and at that date no white man had set foot upon them.

They were inhabited by fierce and bloodthirsty natives, who combined piracy, wrecking and fishing, and the mate was for making for the other group.

He was overruled in this, and when the brig had hauled in until the land could be seen from the deck, the long boat was got over and loaded.

The men intended to play the part of castaways, and had a story all fixed up.

They erased the name of the boat, and took nothing aboard which would betray the identity of the brig, which they meant to scuttle.

At noon, after working all the morning, they had loaded the boat with whatever suited them, divided the sum of \$1,250 found on board, and were ready to bore holes in the brig's bottom.

For two days I had been ill of fever, and confined to my bunk.

I knew from the conversation around me what was going on, and at noon when one of the men brought me a cup of gruel he said we should soon be off. Half an hour later the brig became so quiet that I grew afraid, and with great effort crawled on deck.

The long boat was a mile away, with every man in it.

About four miles to the west, coming up under a light breeze, was a British man-of-war. All sail had been taken off the brig, so that she was simply drifting. It was the sight of the man-of-war which had hurried our crew off so suddenly.

In about an hour she came up, and after a crew had been put aboard both vessels stood in and came to anchor in a bay and then boats were sent out for the mutineers.

Not even a sight of them was ever obtained.

Ten years later it was known that they made a landing on one of the small islands, were secreteed by the natives until the ship sailed, and every one of them was then knocked on the head for the sake of the plunder.

I was then taken back to Sydney and later on to England.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1922

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

BEE CAUSES AUTO WRECK

A bee buzzed into an auto-bus and cost the owner thereof \$3,500. A jury fixed the amount. Edward Steward, the driver, became confused when the insect approached him, and the bus crashed into a telegraph pole. Nevin Heusted, Jr., was severely hurt and the boy's father suffered minor injuries. The former got \$3,000 and the latter \$500.

Steward maintained that the entrance of the bee into the conveyance, which he piloted between Camden and Merchantville, N. J., was attributable to Providence and an occurrence over which he had no control. The jury held that he should have exercised more self-possession. The accident took place last Summer.

CLEVER CHINESE BEGGARS

The Chinese beggars as a class are veritable humbugs. They know how to make the most of their disabilities.

There are among their number those who suffer from really terrible afflictions, and these they do their utmost to flaunt before the public.

A few days ago, for instance, in one of the minor thoroughfares a visitor was appalled to see the figure of a Chinese, half-clad in an oily kind of dilapidated cloth, lying on the ground.

Both legs were gone, and his only method of locomotion was to roll himself along the muddy road (not the pavement) like a barrel.

It was a most pitiable sight, but it did not excite the sympathy nor, indeed, the curiosity of the numerous other Chinese in the street.

He had a tin basin beside him which he would thrust about a yard ahead of him, so that when he again rolled, his face would reappear beside this receptacle.

Poor fellow, if he could but catch the eye of a likely contributor he had a ready smile for him!

Just how many miles he could do in a day one could not tell, but he seemed oblivious to traffic of every kind.

His, however, was a genuine case, deserving of pity.

Far different was the arrant rogue who, with a carefully concealed bottle of bullock's blood, at

intervals bedaubed himself till he looked positively gruesome.

He gave the impression of being in a most horrible condition, the possessor of wounds requiring instant medical attention.

A little later the visitor met a couple of women who were carefully "made up" for their parts.

The younger was merely clad in the regulation tatters, but the elder woman, the "star" performer, started off with the unusual asset of a fine head of gray hair.

This hair had been dishevelled to the last degree, and it hung about her in pitiable confusion.

In China old age is regarded with great reverence, and her part in the drama, in order to elicit sympathy, was to kneel down on the ground, let this gray hair flow in all directions, and revolve her head in the mud.

At first sight one was inclined to think that she was nothing but a poor, decrepit old granny, of at least 80 years, but at a closer view her lively actions made one wonder whether the gray hair was not really a part of her stock-in-trade.

LAUGHS

"I hear your husband is off on a little pleasure trip." "Yes. He is taking mother back home."

Old Jones—Can you give my daughter the luxuries to which she has been accustomed? Cholly (engaged)—Not much longer. That's why I want to get married.

"Well, old Sport, how do you feel? I've just eaten a bowl of ox-tail soup and feel bully." "I've just eaten a plate of hash and feel like everything."

Minister (instructing the sexton)—To-day you had better collect before I preach. The subject of my sermon will be "Economy."

Teacher—What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go? Smart Scholar—He has cold feet, ma'am.

"I hear Bill went all to pieces yesterday." "Of course he did. He got a little excited about the payment of the bills, and his partner says to him, 'Bill, collect yourself.'"

Johnson—Is it really true that your wife has left you? Jameson—Yes. And that's not the worst. "Why, what do you mean?" "I've just received a letter saying she's coming back."

Hostess—Why, Mrs. Jones, you haven't any fish fork. Mary, why didn't you give Mrs. Jones a fish fork? Mary—Well, ma'am, the last time Mrs. Jones dined here you said we lost a fish fork.

Send us a one-cent stamp to cover postage, and we will mail you a copy of "Moving Picture Stories."

FROM ALL POINTS

HERE IS THE SOLEMN HIPPOCRATIC OATH

One often reads or hears of the Hippocratic oath which physicians and surgeons must take on being admitted to practice by almost all of the medical colleges. The oath was written by Hippocrates about 400 years before Christ. It is the article of faith on which the profession of medicine is based. Some universities administer it every year; among these is that of Montpellier in France, which recently celebrated its 700th anniversary.

The essential part of the oath is as follows:

"Whatever in my capacity as a physician, or even when not so acting, I see or hear in the lives of men which ought not to be spoken abroad, I will not divulge, deeming that on all such matters I should keep silent. While I continue to keep this oath inviolate, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of the art, always respected by men; but should I break or violate this oath, may the reverse be my lot."

OLD TREES

One of the wonders of the ancient world, and probably the greatest of them, was the pyramids of Egypt. And yet some of the giant sequoias of California that are now thrifty trees had bark on them a foot thick when Cheops began building the great pyramids that bore his name. Beneath the shadow of the pyramids Napoleon said to his troops: "Forty centuries look down upon you." In the shadow of the big trees of California one might say: "Eighty centuries look down upon you." There are trees in the grove estimated by scientists, among them John Muir, the eminent naturalist, to be 8,000 and even 10,000 years old. The oldest living things in the world are these giant trees. Also the species of vegetation to which they belong is the oldest in the world. The sequoia tree, exactly like that of California, flourished several millions of years ago.

A RELIEF MAP THAT FILLS TWO ACRES

The republic of Guatemala, in its endeavor to make it easy for visiting capitalists to see what they are investing in and to decide on the merits of proposed investments, has built and set up what seems by all odds the most extraordinary relief map of the world. The map is two acres in extent, and shows every contour, every town and every stream or lake in Guatemala and the neighboring territory of British Honduras. It is surrounded by water representing the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

The giant topographical map is of concrete, assembled in sections. Almost two years were spent in making the molds, and in checking them up. The ultimate cost of the map was \$100,000, and another like sum was spent in gathering the topographical data on which it is based.

The big map is located in the hippodrome or racetrack at Guatemala City, and its substantial character indicated by the fact that it has passed through two earthquakes without harm.

SOMETHING ABOUT SEALS

The common seal can swim at the rate of ten miles an hour, about half as quickly as a dolphin, and the instantaneousness of its turning is like magic. A fish—like flounder, or whale, or salmon—has no chance when a seal has made up its mind.

When we watch a dog swimming we see that it treads the water with its fore and hind limbs, but this is not the seal's method. It keeps its forelimbs close to its breast, except when turning or steering, and it swims like a fish by means of its very muscular posterior body, aided by the firmly oppressed legs, which form the hind part of the propeller. A propeller, however, that does not turn round; it simply dislodges masses of water to one side and then to another, as quick as greased lightning.

The gray seal is not nearly so fast, and it has therefore to attend to more slowly moving fishes, like halibut, which it seeks out far below "full fathoms five."

The movements of seals on the sands are very quaint. They hobble along at the rate of about three miles an hour. The creature raises its shoulders depresses its head, sticks its fore-flappers outwards in the sand, drags its body forward (sometimes helped by a jerk from the hind legs), sinks prone, and begins again. What catches the eye is the alternate arching and flattening of the body.

A young gray seal has been known to make a land journey of half a mile to a cottage, and when it was taken back to the sea it repeated the visit next day. Short land journeys have often been recorded for the common seal, especially in the case of tame ones, which refuse to be sent back to the sea. There seems to be in seals something of the "local attachment" and "homing capacity" which is exhibited by cats, but most of the data remain unfortunately at a somewhat anecdotal level.

Common seals have their favorite resting rocks, and the gray seal has favorite spots in the water, where it stays for hours and days.

Unlike the dolphins and porpoises, the seals must have their rest on land. They take advantage of waves to get up on a rocky shelf. They use their nails in clambering. They adjust themselves so as to slip into the sea in an instant. They sometimes post sentinels, but they fall asleep.

And it is then and at the breeding time that man often clubs them.

It is a strange paradox that although man cannot deny a certain fascination that the seals have, he cannot resist killing them when he gets a chance. He calls them lost souls and fallen angels, mermaids and mermen. He has invented pretty stories about them and cherished superstitions, but he kills them at their play and in their sleep, or when the mother comes ashore to comfort her young.

Send us a one-cent stamp to cover postage, and we will mail you a copy of "Mystery Magazine."

GOOD READING

ANIMALS IN BANANAS

The consumers of bananas will do well to inspect the fruit before eating it, lest they may have things pumped from their stomachs. A fruit dealer in Elmira, N. Y., found a number of curious little animals in a bunch of bananas received from Jamaica. An examination disclosed a nest in the center of the bunch, and seated in it was an animal resembling a mouse, though different from it in many respects. The young ones are mouse-colored, with large, bright eyes, and their tails are fully as long as their bodies. The mother is of a reddish color, with unusually large luminous eyes for so small an animal. Her tail is lengthy and bushy. Under her breast is a sack or pouch similar to that of a kangaroo, in which the little ones take refuge at the slightest approach of danger. The young ones sit on her tail and are carried about. It is said several scientific gentlemen have viewed the little ones, but no one could properly classify them in the catalogue of animals.

KILLED 167 TONS OF RATS

Rats to the number of 670,000 were killed in Texas last year in the extermination drives conducted by the county agents employed co-operatively by the United States agricultural colleges. The counties prompted many of the campaigns with the help of members of local farm bureaus and Chambers of Commerce and under the general supervision of Biological Survey rodent control specialists.

Some counties were divided into zones, and money was raised to be given as prizes to men, boys and schools killing the largest number of rats. The most rats were killed in Denton County. The boy having the greatest number to his credit killed 15,000 in six weeks. In Williamson County another boy killed 909 in two weeks. It is estimated that the rats averaged about a half a pound each, making about 167 tons of rats killed during the campaign.

It is also estimated that if each rat had lived a year it would, on an average, have eaten or damaged property worth \$1, making the results of the campaign worth approximately \$670,000.

FORGING STAMPS AN ANCIENT ART

Stamp forging is by no means a new art. As soon as postage stamps reached a high value the forger started his work.

Forgeries are frequently found in old collections of stamps. In my own case I have four interesting forgeries that came from an album left to me by a relative.

Two are stamps of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which, if genuine, might be worth any thing from 5 to 15 pounds. But at the date at which they were forged they could not have been a higher value than a few shillings.

This seems a poor return for a really clever forger. But at times the forger is content with

small profits and quick returns. He even forges stamps with the commercial value of a few pence, simply because it is possible to sell hundreds of them without any fear of detection.

If the faked stamps are of high value the difficulty of disposing of them is greatly increased, although forgeries of even the 1847 Mauritius, of which only ten copies are known to exist—its value runs into four figures—are not unknown.

Perhaps the most extensively forged of all stamps are the South American. The early issues of the States of Paraguay, Peru and Uruguay have been forged in great numbers both in Paris and in Montevideo.

The cleverest cases of forging are where an old but not very valuable stamp is placed in a chemical bath which removes both color and design. The forgery is then engraved, either by photography or by hand, on the original paper.

Here the evidence by which the collector judges is all in order. The paper is right, the perforations absolutely correct, and there can be no doubt about the watermark. It is only by comparing the design with that of a genuine stamp that the forgery can be detected.

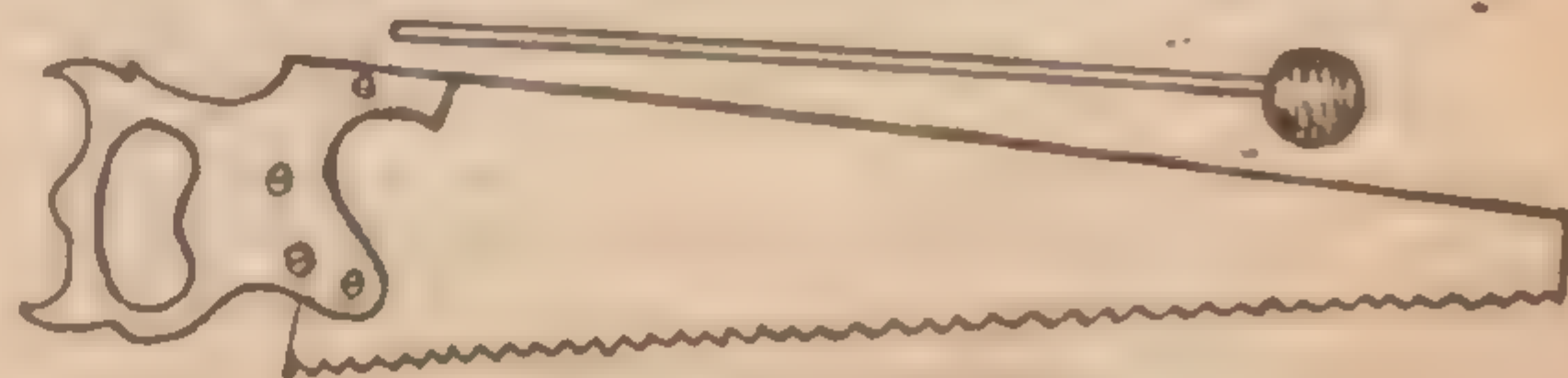
In many issues a used stamp, one that has passed through the post, fetches a much higher price than a similar unused one. This provides an easy opening for the forger who has a knowledge of old postmarks.

In a recent case an unused stamp was stuck on to an old envelope of exactly the same period, a postmark was cleverly faked, and detection seemed almost impossible. But the fake was noticed by a collector, who saw that the address on the envelope had been written with a modern steel pen instead of the old-time quill.

Send us a one-cent stamp to cover postage, and we will mail you a copy of "Mystery Magazine."

Musical Handsaw

Greatest Novelty of the Age



If you can carry a tune in your head, you can learn to play this instrument, and secure a job on the stage at a good salary. No musical education necessary. Struck with a specially made mallet the perfectly tempered saw produces loud, clear, rich tones like a cello. The same effect may be had by using a violin bow on the edge. Any tune can be played by the wonderful vibrations of the saw. It requires two weeks' practice to make you an expert. When not playing you can work with the saw. It is a useful tool as well as a fine instrument.

Price of Saw, Mallet and Instructions.....\$5
HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., New York

How I increased my salary more than 300%

by
Joseph Anderson

I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for a small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like myself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen years of age, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year. Those stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare time study, lifted himself from \$25 to \$75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next



salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What I have done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

TO every man who is earning less than \$75 a week, I say simply this:—*Find out what the I. C. S. can do for you!*

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near \$75 a week, either!

----- TEAR OUT HERE -----
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BOX 4493 SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card & Sign Ptg. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondent |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer & Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Certified Public Accountant |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
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Name.....

Street and No.

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

8 000 Mile Cord Tires



Brand new, absolutely first cord tires. Guaranteed 8,000 miles and adjusted at the list price on that guarantee. The prices below include a brand new Tube.

30x3	\$ 9.50	32x4	\$16.10	33x4 1/2	\$22.15
30x3 1/2	11.25	33x4	17.00	34x4 1/2	23.20
32x3 1/2	13.50	34x4	18.60	35x4 1/2	24.05
31x4	14.10	32x4 1/2	21.10	35x5	26.50

Send no money. Just write today and tell us the size of your tires and the number you want. Tires will be shipped C. O. D. with section unwrapped for inspection. All tires have non-skid tread.

CHARLES TIRE CORP. Dept. 746 2824 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

On legal affidavit, John Hart Brittain, business man, certified to this: "My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth. "Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs." Mr. Brittain certified further:

INDIAN'S SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

"At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian 'medicine man' who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly. Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade. I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved."

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It has been proved in very many cases that hair roots did not die even when the hair fell out through dandruff, fever, alopecia areata or certain other hair or scalp disorders. Miss A. D. Otto reports: "About 8 years ago my hair began to fall out until my scalp in spots was almost entirely bald. I used everything that was recommended but was always disappointed until at last I came across Kotalko. My bald spots are being covered now; the growth is already about three inches." G. W. Mitchell reports: "I had spots completely bald, over which hair is now growing since I used Kotalko." Mrs. Matilda Maxwell reports: "The whole front of my head was as bald

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After hair growth



Photo when bald.



Kotalko is wonderful for women's hair.

BIRDS CROSS LAKE ON STEAMER

Land birds far from land form one of the sights to be witnessed by passengers on board the steamboats crossing Lake Michigan, says the Detroit News. This is said to be especially the case on the steamboats of a line plying between Muskegon and Chicago, a distance of 100 miles. The steamboats sail after dark.

At sundown the spars and rigging of the vessels in the dock form good resting places for the land birds. When darkness comes and the boats begin to move it is too late for them to go ashore.

It is said to be no uncommon thing for the passengers to see a strange sight just between daybreak and sunrise. The birds are waking up and find themselves some thirty odd miles from land. They circle about the boat compelled to rest on the rigging, some of them seeming much perplexed, while others make the best of circumstances.

On one trip two yellowhammers or flickers were among the company, as well as a silent little sapsucker that pecked away at ropes and spars as if he were breakfasting heartily on grubs. There was a frightened brown thrush as well as a pair of tiny wrens and several grass sparrows.

WOMEN PRINTERS WHO WIN HIGH POSTS IN GOVERN- MENT SHOP

Public Printer George H. Carter announced recently the appointment of three women in prominent positions in the Government Printing Office.

The appointments include Miss Josephine G. Adams of the District of Columbia as Assistant Superintendent of Documents at a salary of \$2,500 a year; Miss Martha Feehan of New York, assistant foreman of the day proof section, \$2,300 a year, and Miss Mary T. Spalding of Maryland, assistant foreman in charge of the machine sewing section of the bindery, at a salary of 80 cents per hour.

This is the first time in the history of the Government Printing Office that women have been promoted to such responsible positions.

Mr. Carter stated that all of the women thus advanced by him had merited their promotion by long and faithful service and were deemed especially fitted for the new positions to which they have been assigned.

These appointments, he added, are in line with his policy to give suitable recognition to women employees of the Government Printing Office, who number more than 1,000.

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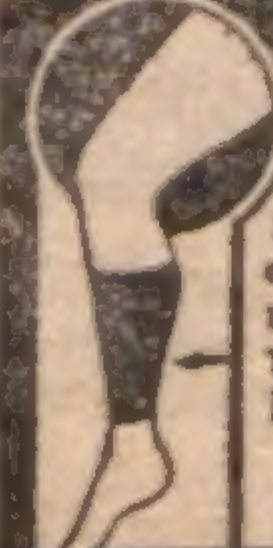
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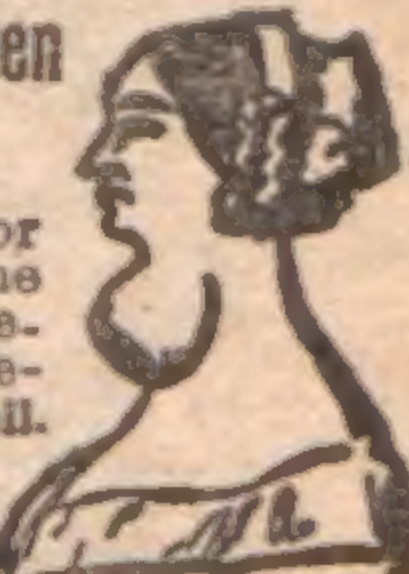
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